"watch your step, farley!"

march 15c

modern screen

A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL
A DELL MAGAZINE



ten girls anted!

your chance for a ywood screen e now!

page 16

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esther williams

Skin that says "I do!"

A softer, clearer skin is yours with your First Cake of Camay!

This lovely Camay Bride is
MRS. JULES ALEXANDER, the former Jean Pugsley of Rochester, N. Y.

Even the color camera can't do justice to Jean Alexander's vivid coloring—her dark hair—her hazel eyes. Yet, the feature that holds your gaze is Jean's complexion. Her *first cake* of Camay gave it a new and captivating smoothness!

"Camay's a heavenly beauty soap," she exclaims. "Why, my skin grew smoother, fresher, softer with my *first cake* of Camay!"

This bride's beauty treatment can reward you, too! Your *first cake* of Camay will bring new beauty. Change to regular care...use gentle, rich-lathering Camay alone. Use no lesser soap than Camay—and you'll soon have a smoother, clearer skin.



Lovelier shoulders—lovelier you!

Bathe with Camay, too—give your arms and legs and shoulders Camay's gentle care. With the daily Camay Beauty Bath, you're lovelier from head to toes—touched with Camay's flattering fragrance.



Camay—all that a beauty soap should be!

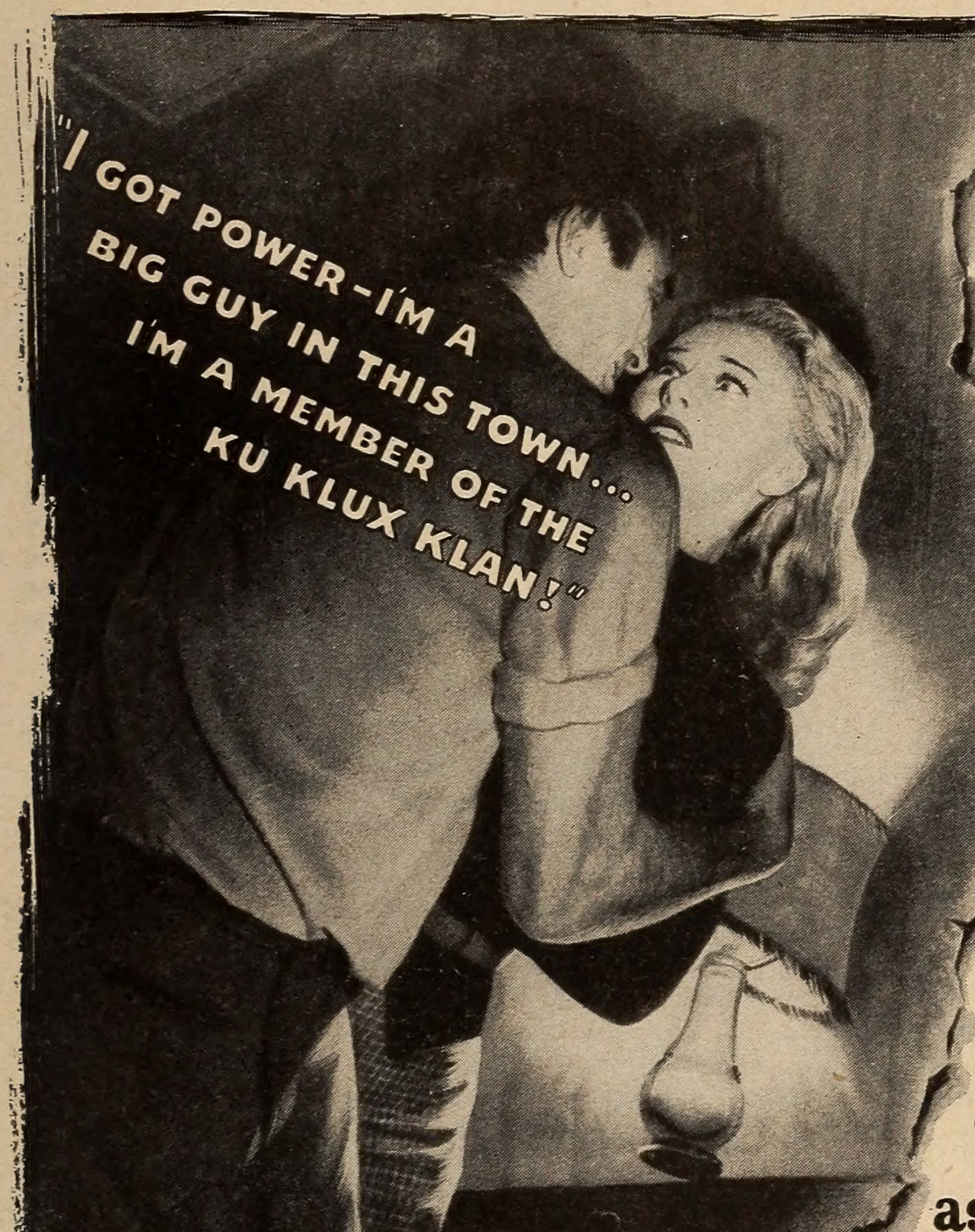
Camay's so mild—so quick with its gentle lather! And the "Beauty-Bath" size is Camay at its luxurious best. Big and economical—that's the size of it! More rich lather—that's the beauty of it!

Camay

the Soap of Beautiful Women

FEB 14 1951

The kiss of a Klansman...!





This is the story of a pretty girl who spends the night in a "friendly" little town...Suddenly out of the dark she is faced with the fear only a girl can know. Here is a picture more tense than words can describe--as fresh as the ink on tomorrow's headlines!



WARNER BROS.'

"Storm Warning"

NOT A STORY OF TEN YEARS AGO-OR TEN MONTHS AGO--A STORY OF TODAY!

STARRING



GINGER ROGERS



RONALD REAGAN



DORIS DAY



STEVE COCHRAN

PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD written by Daniel Fuchs and Richard Brooks DIRECTED BY STUART HEISLER



READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



Use Colgate Dental Cream
To Clean Your Breath
While You Clean Your Teeth—
And Help Stop Tooth Decay!



***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the **only** toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

MARCH, 1951

modern screen

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LANA AND THE FORMER STAR OF "SOUTH PACIFIC"

and Technicolor too!



M-G-M *presents*

EZIO PINZA

LANA TURNER

in MR. IMPERIUM

MARJORIE MAIN • BARRY SULLIVAN

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE

Color by Technicolor

Screen Play by EDWIN H. KNOPF and DON HARTMAN
From the play by EDWIN H. KNOPF
Directed by DON HARTMAN • Produced by EDWIN H. KNOPF
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Here he is! The most romantic personality of our time! Now you can see him making love to Lana...and hear his million-dollar voice!

What an exciting, electrifying team! Only M-G-M could make this entertainment dream come true!



New finer

MUM

more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

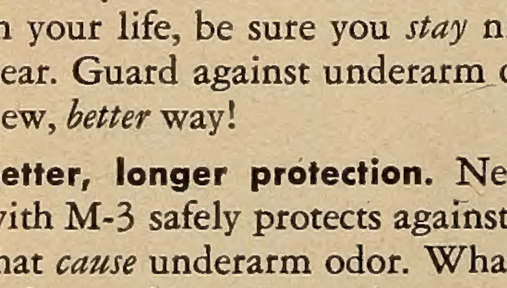
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When you're close to the favorite man in your life, be sure you *stay* nice to be near. Guard against underarm odor this new, *better* way!

Better, longer protection. New Mum with M-3 safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm odor. What's more, it keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum.

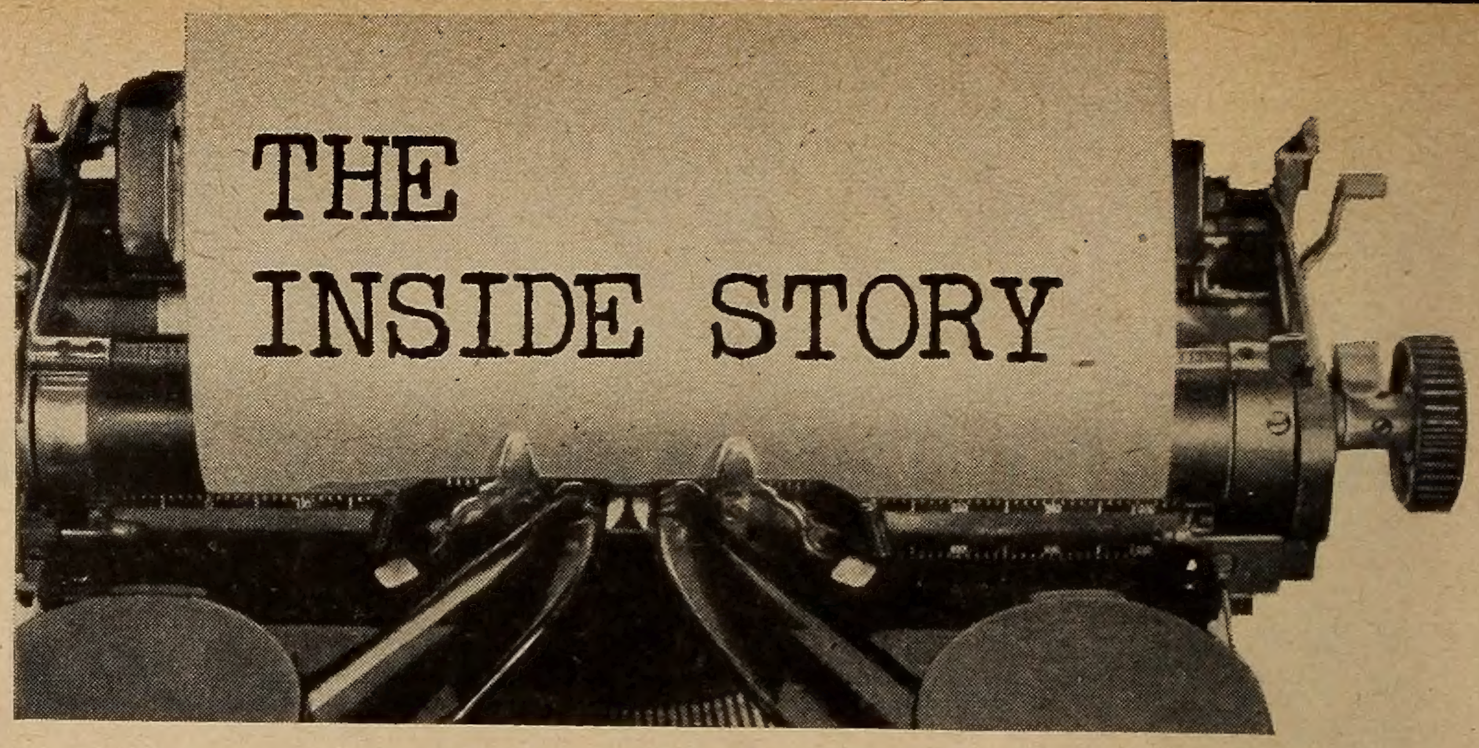
Softer, creamier new Mum smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Contains no harsh ingredients to irritate skin. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

Mum's delicate new fragrance was created for Mum alone. And gentle new Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage—a jar lasts and *lasts!* Get Mum!



New MUM cream deodorant

A Product of Bristol-Myers



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it true that Judy Garland is calling an end to her marriage? If so, is there another man in the picture?
—A. F., Miami, Florida

A. *Judy Garland's announcement two days before Xmas that she had arranged a final separation from her husband, director Vincente Minnelli, came as no surprise to anyone in Hollywood. The inside story is that ten days before she made the announcement—and issued it through Ben Holzman, a representive of the William Morris Agency—Judy had moved out of her picturesque home in the Hollywood Hills and had begun dating Sid Luft, the handsome, brown-haired actors' agent and one-time husband of actress Lynn Bari. These two were seen in Chasen's, Romanoff's and other fashionable restaurants every night. Despite this, when reporters asked Judy if she and her husband were still happy, Judy insisted that they were. When the gossip concerning her and Luft became strong, however, she was compelled to make some clarifying statement—and she admitted that she and Minnelli had come to the parting of ways. While no divorce had been discussed, Minnelli said, "If a divorce will make Judy happy she certainly can have it. My every thought has been for her happiness and I will not stand in her way." Judy said: "I have nothing very much to say. It's just one of those things that's happened before and I have no plans for the future."*

Q. Is it true that Sue and Alan Ladd try to hide the fact that they both have children by their previous marriages? Aren't some of the Ladd children college students? —R. T., Tulsa, Okla.

A. *At the time of the Ladds' marriage in 1942 each had a child. No attempt was made to hide their existence although little publicity surrounds them. At the moment, Sue's oldest daughter is attending the University of California. Alan's oldest son goes to junior high school. The other two Ladd children are Alana, 7, and David, 4.*

Q. What are the duties of a movie star's private secretary—Joan Crawford's, for example? —T. C., Dublin, N. H.

A. *Joan's secretary is Mrs. Margaret Colby. She answers fan mail, business letters, takes dictation between scenes, accompanies Miss Crawford to the studio, oversees the housekeeping, sees that Joan's poodle, Cliquot, takes a bath every Saturday, keeps track of appointments for the four Crawford children, makes certain the cook knows how many guests are expected for dinner—in short, acts as a girl Friday both professionally and personally.*

Q. Can you tell me the minimum salary extras receive in Hollywood?
—R. T., Topeka, Kan.

A. *$15.56 per day.*

Q. Is the Lana Turner-Bob Topping marriage on the rocks? Why do stars deny shaky marriages, anyway? They say that everything is swell, and the next thing you know they're getting a divorce. —T. D., Denver, Colo.

A. *There have been many tall tales of disputes between Lana and her husband, but at this writing they both insist they're very happy. The reason stars deny shaky marriages is that they hope to strengthen them. Frequently, these hopes aren't fulfilled.*

Q. I hear that there's a good chance for a reconciliation between Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Johnston. True or false? —J. F., Bridgeport, Conn.

A. *False.*

Q. Do Kirk Douglas, Mario Lanza, and Edward G. Robinson wear lifts in their shoes? —R. R., Raleigh, N. C.

A. *Only in films when they play opposite girls who are talier.*

Q. How can Ingrid Bergman bear not to see her daughter, Pia, for two whole years? —E. C., New York City

A. *Ingrid, of course, wants to see her daughter more than anything else in the world. She must first obtain the permission of the California Superior Court before Pia may leave the state. Dr. Lindstrom is fearful of permitting Pia to leave either the state of California or the United States. He wants Pia to see and visit with her mother, but he would much prefer Ingrid to come to the U. S. This, Miss Bergman would like to do, but she feels that the people here would not accept her current husband, Roberto Rossellini. In all probability, Dr. Lindstrom will take Pia to Paris some time during the spring and arrange for a meeting with Ingrid.*



Sensitive skin. "Medicated Noxzema helped my sensitive skin look softer and smoother," says Hollis Burke of New York. "And 'creamwashing' cleanses without drying skin!"

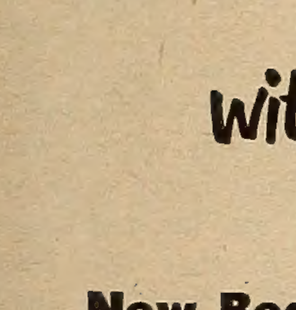


Dry skin. "My skin had been dry, before I tried the Noxzema Home Facial," says Mrs. Ellen Sloan of Raleigh, N. C. "This beauty routine helped so much, I follow it daily now!"

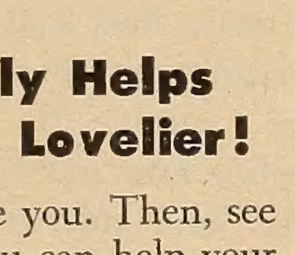
LOOK LOVELIER in 10 DAYS with Doctor's Home Facial ...or your money back!

New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

Read the real experiences of women just like you. Then, see for yourself, how—with just *one* cream—you can help your complexion look softer, smoother, and lovelier! Simply use *greaseless, medicated* Noxzema daily—in this wonderful Home Facial developed by a skin doctor. In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women to lovelier-looking skin—in 2 weeks!



Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" with Noxzema as you would with soap and water. No dry, drawn feeling afterwards! Now, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your make-up foundation. This greaseless, invisible film holds make-up beautifully, helps protect your skin *all day!*



Evening—At bedtime, "creamwash" again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, dirt—without rubbing! Now, lightly massage Noxzema into skin. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes†. While you sleep, Noxzema helps heal—helps soften and smooth. And it's greaseless! No "smeary" face!

Money-Back Offer! Try this Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. If skin doesn't show real improvement, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money back. †*externally-caused*

Noxzema Medicated Hand Care Helps Hands Look Lovelier — in 24 Hours*!



If your hands are red, rough and chapped . . . you can help them look lovelier *in 24 hours*. *In actual clinical tests, the hands of 9 out of 10 women showed definite improvement—often within 24 hours—with *medicated* Noxzema! Try Noxzema on *your* sore, chapped hands. If it doesn't help them look softer, smoother, lovelier *in 24 hours*—return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money back. Get your jar today—take advantage of this Special Trial Offer!

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER!

Regular 40¢ size

NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM

Now only 29¢ *plus tax*

Limited time only at any drug or cosmetic counter

This 1-Minute Test Proves That—

PEPSODENT gets your teeth BRIGHTER BY FAR!



YES, BRIGHTER THAN THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING TOOTH PASTES COMBINED!

Make this 1-Minute Test, today! Run your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? Now brush with film-removing PEPSODENT for 1 minute. Repeat the tongue test. Notice how much cleaner your teeth feel? Your mirror will show you how much brighter they look! Only PEPSODENT with IRIUM* has this film-removing formula. Remember: *Brighter teeth are cleaner teeth—and less susceptible to decay!*

For that Pepsodent Smile—
Use Pepsodent every day
—see your dentist twice a year.



If you prefer powder, the answer is . . . **PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER.** It contains IRIUM and Pepsodent's brighter-polishing ingredients.

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

about something he *thought* I might print in my column about them.

When a gent starts worrying about a lady's publicity—boys, that's worth looking into.

THIS month I wish I did not have to say that Judy Garland walked out of her home and left her husband, Vincente Minnelli, who has shielded and guarded her through all her troubles.

But, Judy—who as I write this is having a big romance with Sid Luft (Lynn Bari's recently divorced husband)—has left both Vince and her beautiful little daughter, Lisa.

We shouldn't judge the unhappy girl who cannot seem to find herself. Judy, who was ill for so long, is trying to forget her disappointments in having what she thinks is a good time. She's letting herself go and putting on far too much weight.

Every night Judy and Luft are on the town, usually closing up the stay-up-late places where Judy puts on a show for an hour or so singing all her popular songs. There's something so pitiful in Judy's great talent being wasted on the night club air.

I wish I could feel she'll be happy night-clubbing with Luft—but I can't.

Perhaps by the time this is printed, Judy will have gone back to her husband and little girl. I hope so.

THE Sunday after Liz Taylor formally announced that she was ending her less than eight months' marriage to Nick Hilton Jr.—she was out at the Coliseum rooting like crazy for her ex-beau, Glenn Davis, as he scooted for touchdowns with the Rams pro football team.

No, I don't think this former spark will burst into flame again. But you can't blame a girl for getting excited when an ex-boy friend is going great guns in a football game.

I've already talked with you about why I think Liz and Nicky couldn't make a go of it: They were too young, too inexperienced to have patience with one another. And they had too much of everything with too little discipline.

But, with her divorce, Liz establishes several records:

She will be Hollywood's youngest "grass widow" at eighteen.

Her marriage was tragically the shortest lived even among the child-star marriages—notoriously short.

Deanna Durbin's marriage to her first husband, Vaughn Paul, lasted two years.

Judy Garland stuck it out with her first, Dave Rose, for three years. She was married to Vincente Minnelli for six years.

Shirley Temple made it four with John Agar.

I SAW Farley Granger out with Shelley Winters for dinner at Dave Chasen's—and whether these two are still crazy about one another or not—no one makes Farley laugh the way Shelley does.

He could hardly eat for having to bend double at her quips, which seems to disprove something about men not liking the girl friend to crack wise.

I'm glad Farley and his boss, Sam Goldwyn, have ended their feud. He is far too good an actor to be talking or thinking about giving up his career.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

THE Stork is certainly seeing double looking at our Hollywood families. Twins have been predicted for Jimmy Stewart and his lovely Gloria. Also for Joan Leslie and Dr. William Caldwell.

Gloria did not even suspect this exciting news until she returned to Hollywood in advance of Jimmy, who stayed in London to finish *No Highway*.

The minute she heard from her doctor that their little family was almost sure to be increased by two—she started calling Jimmy immediately and couldn't get him.

When the call finally cleared through Trans-Atlantic Telephone, Jimmy was the most excited papa-to-be on two continents.

SHIRLEY Temple's new-found happiness—and I mean happiness—with good-looking millionaire Charles Black means bad news to her movie fans.

I can tell you that Shirley will give up her screen career because her bridegroom wants her to. She may do an occasional television or radio show—but as for movies, she is no longer interested.

More than anything else in the world now, I think Shirley wants a happy marriage. It's almost amazing, isn't it, to say of a girl barely 22 years-of-age—she has had fame, wealth, adulation and success for 18 years.

Now she wants happiness as a woman.

In a quiet and sweet way, because he loves her very much, Black is very much the boss. It is he who decided that it would be best to put Shirley's home up for sale and start their married life completely on their own. Even when she was married to John Agar, Shirley remained in the remodeled guest house on the estate of her parents.

Even if her husband, who was a lieutenant in the last war and was cited for bravery, is called back for service (as he may be any day) Shirley does not want to be tied down by her career. As long as he remains in this country she will follow him wherever he is.

Shirley's daughter, Linda Sue, is three years old and, of course, she is in kindergarten.

Two deep loves has Shirley today—her husband and her baby—and as much as we hate to lose her, none can help but wish her the brightest and shiniest happiness forever and forever.

The Letter Box: Jeff Chandler, Peggy Dow and little Debra Paget (on the strength of one picture, *Broken Arrow*), all took a spurt in last month's mail. So did Nancy Olson. That's all the tip I need. Next month, I'll make a special effort to have some news about all of them for you.

Interest over June Allyson's baby is extra special. Well, he was born on December 24th and his name is Richard Kieth. One girl in Michigan asks: "Will June love this baby more than the little girl she adopted because it is her own?" Of course not. June and Dick Powell couldn't love little Pam more if she, too, were their very own.

To the many who ask if Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner are cooling—the answer is "No."

There were several kind, understanding letters about Ingrid Bergman asking when she is making another picture. Answer: In May—in Paris—for her favorite director, Rossellini.

Guess that's all this month. Be seeing you.



for you

...a larger, lovelier diamond

Crescent DIAMOND RINGS

RHONDA FLEMING
co-starring in
The Redhead and the Cowboy
A Paramount Picture

For this, your day of days . . . so long to be remembered . . . choose a Crescent Diamond Ring. For a Crescent is the larger, more radiant diamond you've always hoped to own . . . at a price so easy to afford.

When you choose Crescent, you're sure of true and lasting value. For the Crescent Certificate of Guarantee and Registration, signed by your jeweler, gives visible assurance of an exquisite diamond.

For you who want the best in value — a larger, lovelier diamond — select a Crescent. Ask your jeweler to show you the beautiful new Crescent collection. The name is in the ring and on the blue Crescent Tag.

Crescents are Larger, Lovelier Diamonds

½ Carat about $350
⅓ Carat about $200
¼ Carat about $150

These Prices Include Complete Ring and Federal Tax

Crescent DIAMOND RINGS
Produced by the Creators of Famous Keepsake Diamond Rings

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120 East Washington St.

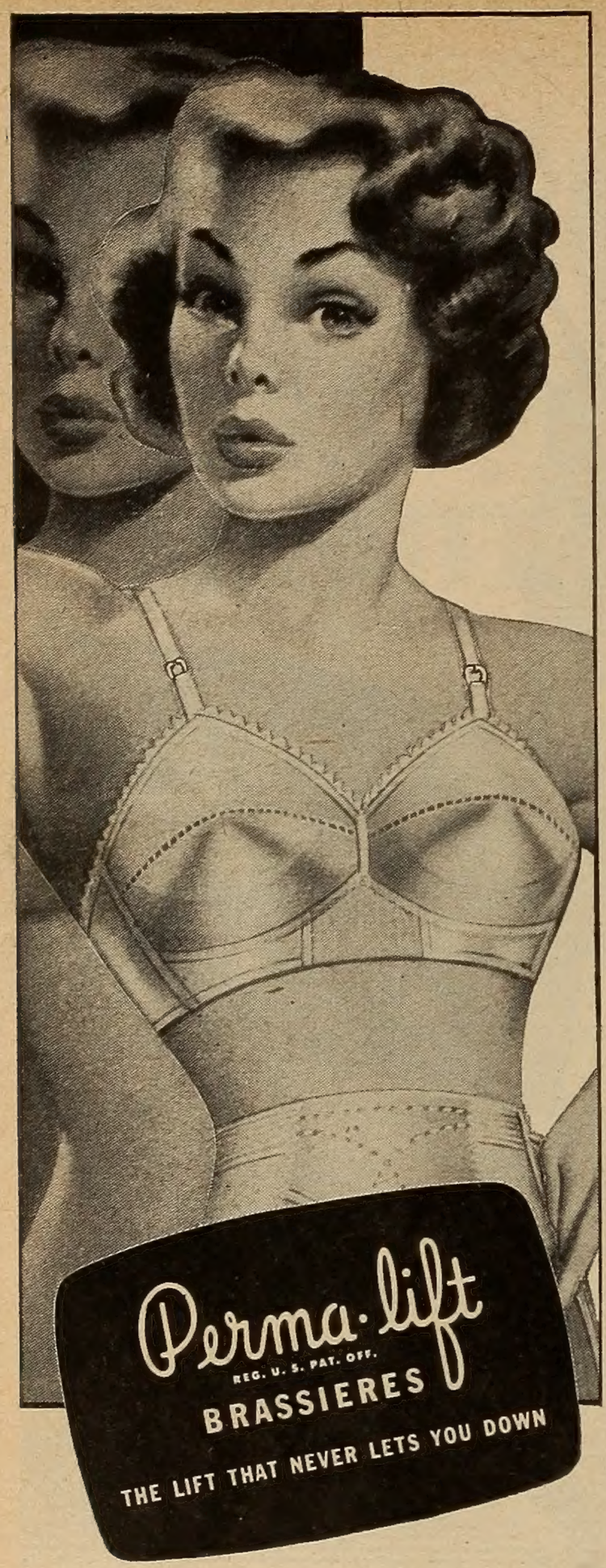
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Syracuse 2, New York

Please send me the name of my nearest Crescent Jeweler and your special gift coupon offering the beautiful new Bride's Book.

Name.....

Address.....

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Try on a new personality!

There is a charm about you—a beauty—a grace—a loveliness that deserves the very best. Your "Perma·lift"* Bra is the artist that inspires the best that's in you—fashions your silhouette with a stroke of sheer genius—draws young lines, moulds flattering curves. And through countless washings it remains firm, yet soft—never loses its magic uplift. Discover its secret—with an art all its own, it will design fashion success for you. At your favorite store—$1.50 to $4.

Wear a wonderful "Perma·lift" Girdle too—
No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays

*"Perma·lift" a trademark of A. Stein & Company, Chicago, New York (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



LOOK FOR THE MAGIC INSET

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



■ This is the story of a 10-year-old orphan called Wheeler (Andrew Ray), who, scavenging in the mud along the Thames River, finds a locket with a picture of Queen Victoria (Irene Dunne). He's never had a mother, the queen looks like a mother to him, so he determines to go to Windsor Castle and see her. The forlorn little boy's travels, his experiences in the castle until he's captured, the way the press takes up the story and decides Wheeler is involved in a sinister Irish plot against the queen's life, are all part of a delightful picture. The queen, who hasn't stirred out of Windsor since the death of her husband, 15 years before, despite the displeasure of her subjects, is jarred out of her rut. The prime minister, Disraeli (Alec Guinness), uses the case of the boy, Wheeler, as a springboard to plead movingly for all the unloved, unwanted children in England, and everything has a nice ending. Finlay Currie plays an old Scotch handyman who's been Prince Albert's favorite; the cast is superior; the whole picture makes a pleasant warmness on a winter's day.

(Please turn to page 14 for more Movie Reviews)

Picture of the Month

THE MUDLARK



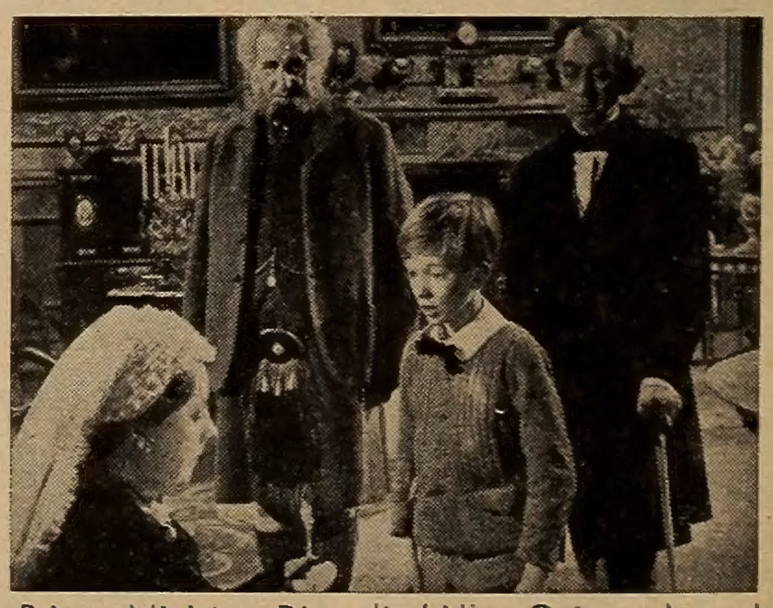
For 15 years the bitter, widowed Queen Victoria (Irene Dunne) has remained in seclusion. England needs her active help but she refuses.



Wheeler (Andrew Ray) finds a picture of the queen while digging in the mud. Sneaking into the castle, he overhears a plot against her.



The mudlark is suspected of being part of the Irish rebellion, but is cleared. His case is used politically to attract Queen Victoria's interest.



Prime Minister Disraeli (Alec Guinness) and Wheeler convince the queen that she must come to the help of her subjects once more.

"The one Sin no Woman ever forgives"



HE strayed...
and he paid!
SHE saw to that!



JACK H. SKIRBALL and BRUCE MANNING
present

BETTE DAVIS
BARRY SULLIVAN

in

Payment on Demand

with

JANE COWL · BETTY LYNN · FRANCES DEE

Produced by JACK H. SKIRBALL • *Directed by* CURTIS BERNHARDT • *Written by* BRUCE MANNING *and* CURTIS BERNHARDT

Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES

"It Works"

says

Paulette Goddard



SLIM THE WAY THE STARS SLIM

How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

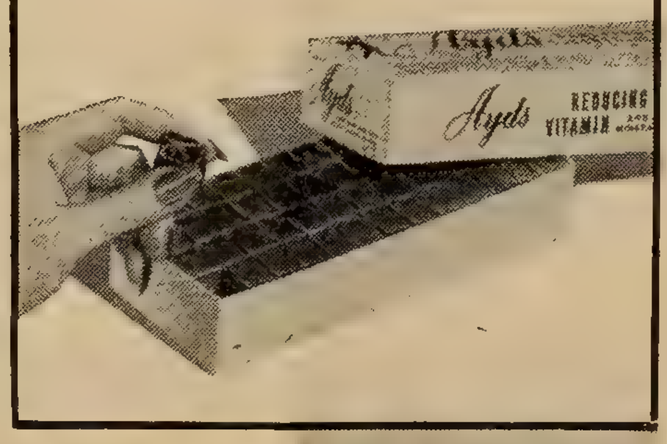
Now! Lose weight *the way* Nature intended you to! A quick natural way with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want . . . all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs . . . calls for no strenuous diet.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health-giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories . . . works almost like magic. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day.

Users report losing up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact you must lose weight with the first box ($2.98) or your money back.

● **"Every day more and more women are finding the Ayds Way really works," says lovely movie star, Paulette Goddard. "You see, it's such an easy, pleasant way to reduce. The comforting thing about taking Ayds is that you reduce the way nature intended you to. I recommend it to all my friends who want to lose weight!"**



The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

HALLS OF MONTEZUMA

Halls of Montezuma tells about marines capturing Jap-held islands during the last war. Richard Widmark is cast as a marine lieutenant who refuses to go home though he has headaches which render him almost immobile. The Jap island he and his crew are trying to take is loaded with Japs shooting rocket bombs. (As the Americans remark to each other bitterly, "It's just a mirage. The Japs don't have rockets; headquarters says so.") The problem becomes that of finding out where the Japs are hiding their rockets. Widmark and his boys have to go and capture some prisoners and bring them back for questioning. If information about the rockets isn't forthcoming, whole platoons will be wiped out, because a general attack is scheduled and can't be called off. Picture's tense, well-acted, and doesn't have more than the usual number of clichés when it comes to "types" of soldiers.

Cast: Richard Widmark, Walter (Jack) Palance, Reginald Gardiner.—20th Century-Fox.

THE FLYING MISSILE

In the course of this movie, submarine commander Glenn Ford 1: proves he's smarter than the whole U. S. Navy (he knows guided missiles are the way to sink destroyers, but the Navy's not so sure); 2: has his men steal a lot of naval equipment to make a launching platform so a missile can be fired from a sub; 3: double-crosses the woman he loves (an admiral's secretary) by taking advantage of secret information she lets slip; and carries on like an eager beaver skunk. Strangely enough, the Navy rewards him for all his misconduct by allowing him to fire his darn old missile, and there's a frightful accident, and one of Glenn's crew is killed. Glenn develops a psychic paralysis, because he feels it's all his fault. It *is* all his fault, too.

Cast: Glenn Ford, Viveca Lindfors, Henry O'Neill, Carl Benton Reid.—Columbia.

WATCH THE BIRDIE

For some completely unaccountable reason, beautiful, rich Arlene Dahl falls in love with Red Skelton, a nit-wit photographer who's about to lose his photographic store. Suddenly business booms, and Red doesn't understand why, but you and I do. On the side, Arlene's building a housing project, only the foreman in charge of things is a crook who's planning to cheat Arlene out of her fortune. Red foils the dastardly plot with his little motion picture camera. He furthermore finds time to play several different parts (his father and his grandfather as well as himself) in the picture. Ann Miller also runs.

Cast: Red Skelton, Ann Miller, Arlene Dahl. —MGM.

AT WAR WITH THE ARMY

Without Jerry Lewis this picture would have been nothing. With Jerry Lewis it manages to be exceedingly funny. As a poor shmoe of a private who's trying to get a furlough so he can go home and look at his new-born baby, Jerry jumps, mugs, sings (if you can call it that), dances, shadow-boxes, imitates Barry Fitzgerald, wears a lady's wig and an off-the-shoulder evening gown and makes sure you'll never forget him. If you don't like him one way, wait a minute. He switches fast.

Dean Martin sings well, and plays a sergeant, but nothing's really important except Lewis. *Cast: Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Mike Kellin, Jimmy Dundee.*—Paramount.

RATON PASS

Adventuress Patricia Neal arrives in Raton (New Mexico) determined to marry herself a large piece of the territory. Dennis Morgan is heir to most of the land thereabouts, so he'll do. His old paw, Basil Ruysdael, who talks more and says less than almost anybody, approves of Pat the minute she wiggles her hips out of the stage coach. "That one's all woman," he opines. "Ah married mah woman same night I met her. Go to it, boy." Dennis goes to it, but Pat's a schemer. Once she's legally Dennis' wife, she gets a Chicago banker (a regular dude) to fall in love with her and offer to buy Dennis out of his half of the land. (Paw has given Pat and Dennis deed to the property as a wedding present.) Well, Dennis is burning for revenge. He's going to sell Pat the ranch at an exorbitant price, and then cut off the grazing land (he holds a *personal* lease on that), and Pat and the dude'll be dead. Then there's a big range war (Pat hires some murderers, and Dennis has his own) and in the end nearly everybody gets killed, including Pat, the dude, and Paw. Paw's dying words are advice to Dennis and a beautiful Spanish girl who's loved him all her life. "Don't give him tortillas for breakfast," Paw says. "That ain't right." You'd think after the way his last match-making came off, he'd have the grace to shut up. *Cast: Dennis Morgan, Patricia Neal, Steve Cochran, Scott Forbes.*—Warners.

KIM

Kipling's famous story is about the little British orphan in India who grows up as a native urchin, does some spying for the Empire (the Empire always needed spies in India), until somebody discovers he's a white child, not an Injun child, and then he gets sent away to school. A lama (Paul Lukas) whom Kim (Dean Stockwell) has loved and followed manages the money for his education. Part of his instruction includes being sent to a wild-eyed man named Durgan (Arnold Moss) who'd scare the supper out of a normal boy, but who teaches Kim to be observant, crafty, vicious and all other things a hot spy needs to be. Errol Flynn plays Mahbub Ali, The Red Beard, and he's a native (we should all live so long till you believe it) who also spys for the British government. Errol kills people without blinking an eyelash, and right afterward, he can eat candy. It's a display of manliness you'll find hard to match in other pictures. The plot is so interlarded with border skirmishes, Russian spies, etc., that I won't attempt to deal with it, but the Technicolor is blazing, and there's plenty of excitement. *Cast: Errol Flynn, Dean Stockwell, Paul Lukas, Robert Douglas.*—MGM.

TERESA

Teresa explores the problems of a young GI and his Italian war bride. Teresa's just a baby, tiny and gentle, who still takes a doll to bed with her; Philip's a boy who's been mother-dominated, and isn't ready to accept responsibility. Once out of the Army, his efforts to find work are ineffectual; his reaction to the news that he and Teresa are going to

(*Continued on page 17*)

Amazing shampoo guaranteed not to rob hair of natural oils

Shasta lathers out beauty-dulling film—
Leaves in glamour-giving natural oils that make hair...



New Shasta, enriched with lanolin—that marvelous emollient from nature—does what women have always wanted from a shampoo ...lathers out beauty-dulling film, leaves in glamour-giving natural oils.

Shasta is guaranteed not to rob hair of precious, glamour-giving oils which keep your hair naturally shiny, soft, healthy, easier-to-manage.

See how Shasta persuades even hair that seems dull and dry to look softer, silkier; sparkle with gleaming highlights. Try new lanolin-enriched Shasta today. Remember, Shasta doesn't rob hair of its natural oils.

PROCTER & GAMBLE GUARANTEE: Shasta does not rob hair of natural oils. Procter & Gamble guarantees this or money back when unused portion is returned.



LANOLIN ENRICHED **Shasta** CREAM **Shampoo**

DOESN'T ROB HAIR OF NATURAL OILS

GIRLS WANTED

FOR

"GIRLS WANTED"

ARE YOU BETWEEN 16 AND 40 WITH THAT CERTAIN URGE TO APPEAR IN HOLLYWOOD FILMS? RKO STUDIOS GIVES YOU THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!

■ *You can be one of the golden ten chosen to play a role in the Wald-Krasna production of* Girls Wanted, *side by side with your favorite stars. A minimum of one week's work at $175.00 per week will be guaranteed each of the winners as well as transportation expenses to and from Hollywood.*

■ *Wald-Krasna Productions, Inc., is conducting the vast talent search, through* Modern Screen, *for ten girls to appear in* Girls Wanted, *an original screenplay by Lloyd Shearer. Previous dramatic experience is not necessary— the ten winners will be selected only from entries received from* Modern Screen *readers.*

■ *This is all you have to do:*
Fill in the coupon at the left and mail it, or a reasonable facsimile, together with a full length photograph of yourself to Girls Wanted *Contest, RKO Studio, 780 North Gower, Hollywood 38, California.*

HERE ARE THE RULES:

1: Entries are limited to Modern Screen *readers between the ages of 16 and 40. All entries must be accompanied by a full length photograph of the entrant.*

2: All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 15, 1951. All entries will become the property of Wald-Krasna Productions, Inc., and none will be acknowledged or returned. Winners will be announced in Modern Screen *at a later date.*

3: The judges are Jerry Wald, Norman Krasna, and the editors of Modern Screen. *Judges' decisions are final. Ten winners will be selected and hired by Wald-Krasna Productions, Inc., at $175.00 per week for a guaranteed minimum of one week and at the same rate each succeeding week. Transportation to and from Hollywood will be paid for by Wald-Krasna Productions, Inc. Transportation for guardian will also be provided if winner is a minor.*

COUPON:

TO: GIRLS WANTED CONTEST
780 NORTH GOWER
HOLLYWOOD 38, CALIFORNIA
I WOULD LIKE TO PLAY A
FEATURED ROLE IN "GIRLS WANTED."
ATTACHED IS MY FULL LENGTH PHOTOGRAPH
AND PERSONAL DATA FILLED OUT BELOW.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

HEIGHT

WEIGHT

AGE

BUST

WAIST

HIPS

(*Continued from page 15*) have a baby is one of horror. Life in the apartment with his mother, sister and broken-spirited father is a nightmare. The picturt starts in Italy (where the beginning was actually filmed), and transfers to New York. The acting is all good, but Pier Angeli, the little Italian girl who plays the title role, is the standout. She's fragile, sensitive, and very appealing.
Cast: Pier Angeli, John Ericson, Patricia Collinge, Richard Bishop.—MGM.

GROUNDS FOR MARRIAGE

Van Johnson, happily divorced from Kathryn Grayson, is a doctor, affianced to Paula Raymond. But Kathryn comes home from abroad (she's an opera singer) and decides she wants to play house some more. Van says no. You was childish then, you're childish now, and good riddance. This causes Kathryn to come down with a dreadful mental malady which makes her unable to open her yap. That is, she can open it, but no sound comes out (and her the Metropolitan's newest star!). Van feels annoyed but responsible, so he tries to help out, and maybe you can guess the ending. For which I give you no medals. It isn't hard. It's a funny picture, with a hilarious dream sequence, and nice performances all around.
Cast: Van Johnson, Kathryn Grayson, Barry Sullivan, Paula Raymond.—MGM.

THE COMPANY SHE KEEPS

Out of the state pen and into the fire goes Jane Greer, in this saga of nobility and mistrust among the cons and feds. Jane is paroled after serving two years of a five-year sentence for passing a bad check. Lizabeth Scott, her parole officer, tries to help Jane, but Jane is ungrateful. She doesn't want to be a nurse's aide every night; she wants to go stepping with men, and wear minks. The only man that interests her turns out to be Lizabeth's fiance, and he reciprocates the interest. Lizabeth is hurt but understanding, and the fiance is also understanding, even after he finds out the woman he loves is a parolee. Jane gets into a scrape in the hospital and nearly finds herself back in the coop. You watch her throughout this picture resisting the impulse to swipe, drink, and do other things a good parolee mustn't, but she's very pretty, so you don't mind too much. Lizabeth is definitely second-fiddle here, in case you're one of her fans, and Dennis O'Keefe is the man.
Cast: Lizabeth Scott, Jane Greer, Dennis O'Keefe.—RKO.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photos which appear in this issue.

6 Acme—7 *L.T.&B.* Associated Press—*R.T.* Acme—18 Warner Bros.—28 *T.* MS staff; *C.,B.* Paramount—30 *R.T.* Wide World—31 MS staff—32 Bob Beerman-Bert Parry—33 Schuyler Crail—34-35 Bob Beerman-Bert Parry—36-37 Bob Beerman—38 Bob Beerman-Bert Parry—41 Graybill, Warner Bros.—42-45 Bob Beerman-Bert Parry—46 *L.T.* R.K.O., *R.T.* Fox, *L.B.* Universal, *R.B.* MS staff—47 *L.T.* United Artists, *C.T.* Bert Parry, *R.T.* Studio, *L.B.* Republic, *C.B.* Ted Weisbarth, *R.B.* Studio—48 R.K.O.—49 Dave Cicero—50 *T.* Bert Parry, *B.* Donald Arden—52 *T.* Acme, *B.* Wide World—54 Bert Six—55 *T.* INS, *B.* Wide World—56-57 Bert Parry-Bob Beerman—58 Bert Parry—61 Bob Beerman—69 Pagano—70-74 Derujinsky Studios—77-78 Carmen Schiavoni.

Abbreviations: L., Left; R., Right; C., Center; T., Top; B., Bottom.



Gargle

Listerine Antiseptic—*Quick!*

Attacks Infection Directly, Safely

WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO, call on Listerine Antiseptic at the first sign of a sniffle or scratchy throat. Its effectiveness and its safety are a matter of record.

This prompt precaution, taken early and often, may nip colds or sore throats due to colds in the bud, or lessen their severity, once started.

That is because Listerine Antiseptic goes directly to the seat of the trouble . . . threatening bacteria, called Secondary Invaders, growing on mouth and throat surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic kills them by millions . . . attacks them before they attack you . . . helps keep them from invading the tissue to cause miserable cold symptoms.

Listerine Antiseptic is no Johnny-come-lately in the field of cold therapy . . . no strong miracle drug that promises overnight results. A twelve-year period of clinical testing showed fewer colds, and generally milder colds, for its twice-a-day users than for those who did not gargle.

And Listerine Antiseptic is absolutely safe . . . *even for children.* No dangerous side-effects. No drowsiness. No blurred vision. No dizziness. Because Listerine Antiseptic *does not enter the blood stream.* It works only externally . . . directly attacks germs that cause so much of a cold's misery.

So, at the first sign of trouble, it's Listerine Antiseptic . . . Quick!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Everyone who has ever dreaded the word "Polio" will draw courage from this story of the Lancaster family.

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

hour of darkness



Burt Lancaster will soon be seen in Warner Brothers' *Jim Thorpe, All-American.*

■ Little has ever been written about the family who lives in the gabled, stone-front American Colonial house set high on a Bel Air hill. The house belongs to Burt Lancaster and his family.

Mrs. Lancaster, one of the really handsome women in a city of many beautiful girls, is tall, blonde, brown-eyed. Her flashing smile is framed by two giant dimples, and her days are taken up by her three young children.

There's blond, four-year-old James Lancaster who has his father's wide-slanted blue eyes. A shy introvert, "Jimbo," as he is affectionately called, has an amazing passion for music and books with a photographic mind for lyric, tune or verse. Most of the time he's lost in song, gaily dancing about the living room and side-stepping the playpen which belongs to 16-month-old Susan.

Taffy-haired, brown-eyed Susan giggles as she trails behind Jimbo. Too young to have much of a vocabulary, she happily throws kisses in place of words, and occasionally lurches with a dimpled grin into the arms of her mother or father.

Mother, Father, Jimbo and Susan—what about the fifth member of the wheel? His name is Billy.

In November, the newspapers carried a story about him which sent fear into the hearts of every parent who read it. Yet little is actually known of what happened on that Thursday night.

A week before, Burt, working exhaustively on a movie of the life of Jim Thorpe, America's all-time athlete, suggested that his family take a vacation at Apple Valley Inn.

Norma bundled her three children for the drive to the Inn and filled them with stories about the fun they'd have in the swimming pool, and in the sun. The children were happy and excited. Three days later, though, they were cross and touchy for no apparent reason. Norma brought them home to nurse what she (*Continued on page 19*)

considered just common colds.

Susan was put to bed, but Jimbo and Bill stayed up to watch television with considerable noisiness, whooping and restlessness. Suddenly, Norma noticed that Billy seemed to be dragging his left foot. Racing after him into the kitchen, she overheard him say plaintively to the maid, "Alice, I've just cut my head off!" Obviously, he had a splitting headache.

MRS. Lancaster immediately called pediatrician Dr. Russell Sands, of Santa Monica. While the doctor was enroute, Billy continued playing and jumping around with his brother, apparently unaware of the almost complete drag of his side.

When Dr. Sands came, his diagnosis was tentative but immediate. Quietly he turned to Norma with the dread words on his lips—polio. Gently he explained that he was being precautionary in asking for immediate laboratory tests.

With astonishing calm, Norma Lancaster lifted her son into her automobile and raced twenty miles to Los Angeles County General Hospital. Burt soon joined his wife there, and Norma's strength, in this dark hour, reached out to her child as she stood by the small bed, and to her husband.

William Henry Lancaster, the gay extrovert, who held Jimbo's preoccupation with music and jig-saw puzzles in great disdain, talked about his Hopalong Cassidy pistols, while trained hands gave quick attention to his sturdy body.

Burt and Norma looked with courage and hope around the corridors of one of the finest polio centers in the United States. And in the night, holding on to each other, praying silently, they were reassured as they looked out over the many acres covered with nursing cottages and medical buildings.

The Lancasters walked alongside their almost three-year-old son as he was wheeled into a general admittance ward. Their thoughts flying back to their other boy who had worn leg braces for two years. Jimmy had shed these braces only a short time ago and had run with laughter through the house.

There were twelve beds in the ward, twelve stricken children. Norma and Burt passed from one bed to the other, gently touching the children in them, feeling so close to them and to the parents who were strangers now only in name.

For twenty-four hours, the Lancasters remained at the hospital telling each other all they'd ever known about polio, which was not very much, and reassuring each other that not all cases were serious, or dangerous. Meanwhile a spinal test was taken, and all they could do was wait for the results.

WITH overwhelming relief, and a great sense of weariness, the Lancasters heard their doctor say that Billy's case was mild, and non-contagious.

Silently, they started the drive home, with hands clasped, and hearts too full to speak . . .

Today, Burt speaks eagerly of the General Hospital. He praises the way it serves all people without discrimination, as it has been doing since its creation in 1887. Burt would also like to help banish the fear that springs up with the word polio, for all polio is not fatal or permanently disabling.

As in his son's case, many children have only a slight case which first exhibits itself as a flu or a nasty cold. In hundreds of cases, polio is so light that its effects pass away in a few days. Overactive Billy felt it strongly in his left leg and foot, and (*Continued on page 76*)

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

"I cracked up the same plane 10 times!"

says **GINGER ROGERS,** starring in
"THE GROOM WORE SPURS"
a Fidelity Picture • Released by
UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL



"We retook the plane crash for 'The Groom Wore Spurs' ten times. The director made me twist and turn the wheel 'til my hands were stinging red!



And roping 'the villain' was tough on my hands again...



But I smoothed them with soothing Jergens Lotion . . .



It kept them soft and lovely for romantic closeups!"



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above . . .



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

STILL 10c TO $1.00 (PLUS TAX)

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hollywood goes shopping for you!

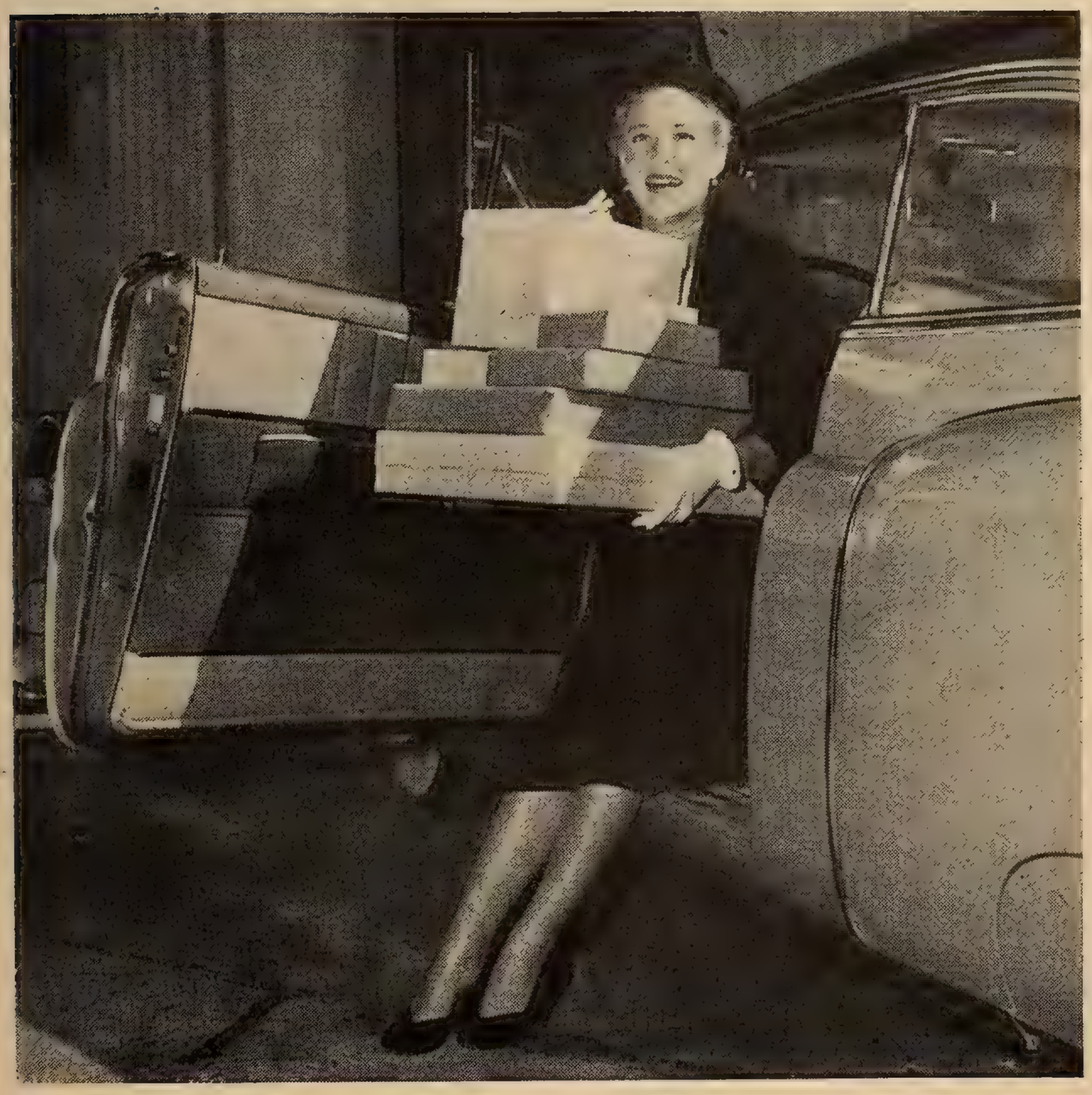
■ The chief difference between a star on a shopping tour and the average woman is that the star's Main Street is continent-long. She can, and does, search from coast to coast for the most style-wise, budget-wise buys for her house, her wardrobe, and her friends. What's right for her is right for you—for your taste and your pocketbook.

To get any of these star-selected items, just write to the shops mentioned below each picture, enclosing a check or money order (and gift card if you like). Your selection will be rushed to any address you name. MODERN SCREEN guarantees delivery. Prices all include postage and tax where necessary. Money will be returned on any items that are returned within 10 days after delivery. Only monogrammed merchandise cannot be returned.

betty hutton

your hollywood shopper

for march



Betty Hutton returns from one of her buying sprees all loaded down with shopper items.

■ As the lady on the flying trapeze, I've really been getting around lately. But I haven't confined quite all my time to our Big Top picture, *The Greatest Show On Earth* (that's a plug, Mr. DeMille). When MODERN SCREEN asked me to locate some of the greatest bargains on earth I accepted in a hurry. I've discovered that it takes a good deal of training to be able to fly through the air circus-style. And I learned it also took practice to keep my feet on the ground in the many shops I visited.

As your Hollywood shopper I hunted for the keenest buys (for you and me both) in the finest shops in the land.

I managed to travel the Southern territory while on a trip to Sarasota and virtually "did" New York while I was in that dazzling town.

I've come up with a pretty prize collection of bargains (said she modestly!) . . . things for the home, for kids like Candy and Lindsay, some personal items and of course some super special Easter gifts.

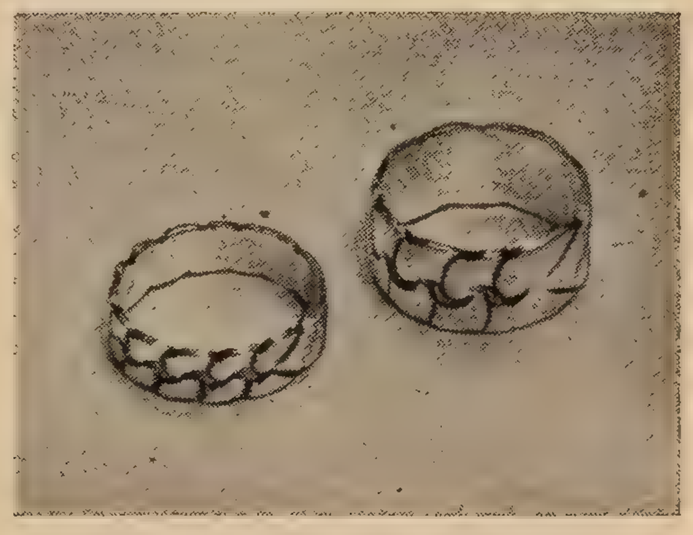
Just write directly to the stores mentioned for anything and everything that tempts you. They'll cheerfully refund your money within ten days, except on personalized items.



IF THE SHOE FITS, *and it's sure to, you'll want to live in these boots. An inch-thick foam rubber sole gives you the lift you need after a long day. I loved slipping into them between takes of my next Paramount film,* The Greatest Show on Earth. *They come in white terry cloth or faded blue denim with crisp red or blue piping. Small, medium, large sizes, $2.98. Betty Coed, 6402 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California.*



THREE SILENT MESSENGERS TO BEGUILE YOU *with their subtle fragrance each with a distinct personality. Tweed, by day, is light and gay, adds dash to your suits. Shanghai, by night, is just right, sultry yet sweet, and warmed with spice. Confetti, still a different mood, is gala and carefree leaving an aura of laughter about. Group of all three 2 oz. flacons of toilet water boxed elegantly, $3.00. Lentheric, 745 Fifth Ave., New York 22.*



A DOUBLE RING CEREMONY *is the order of the day, whether for keeps or for special Valentine sweethearts. Captivating twin friendship bands in sterling silver, each handsomely chased to give a link effect. Wider band is for him, the narrower one for her. Price includes three initials engraved on each ring, and tax. His ring $3.50, hers $2.50. Send ring size and initials. Hyde's, Inc., Dept. MS-3, 135-37 Northern Blvd., Flushing, N. Y.*

betty hutton

your hollywood shopper

for march



It's fun buying gifts for you and my daughters. I really went wild—in stores all over the country.



MY CANDY LOOKS GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT *in this crisp, lace-edged pinafore of frothy yellow polka-dot organdy that slips over any dress and ties in a big bow at the back. The pocket is cuffed in white and has my little one's name printed on it in green to match two green bows. There is a bell that tinkles as Candy skips along. Send your child's name. Sizes 2-3, $3.95; sizes 4-6, $4.95. Elizabeth McCaffrey, 200 W. 16 Street, New York 8.*



THEY'LL MOB THIS AUTOGRAPH HOUND *to get to put their "John Hancocks" on him. Set this irresistible dachshund in the living room and watch the gang flock immediately around him. They'll want to sign their own names and look at everyone else's. Made of a specially treated white fabric, he takes ink happily. All of our friends sign our doggie so we'll always have a permanent record. $2.95. M. C. Flynn, 43 E. 59 St., New York 22.*



THERE'S NO QUESTION ABOUT IT, *this clever plastic stocking dryer competently solves the difficult problem of what to do with just-washed undies, stockings or baby things so they won't fall, rust or snag. Just slip the flexible hook over a shower or towel rod. Each sturdy clothes pin gripper holds several garments easily. In blue, rose, green. 6 for $1.00. Essential Gifts, 3500 Griffith Park Blvd., Los Angeles 27, California.*



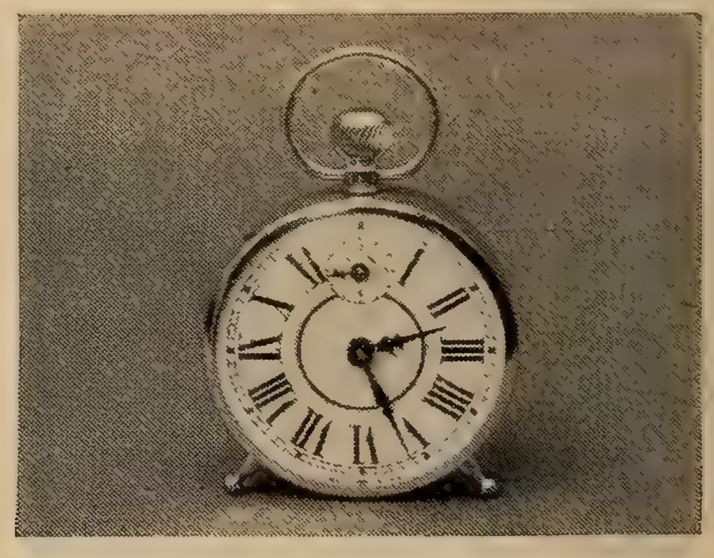
I'M GIVING A CIRCUS PARTY *right at home for Candy and Lindsay with a 67-piece pre-planned party box. There are elephant invitations, envelopes, a bright red tablecloth 54" x 90", a centerpiece, paper plates and cups with handles, hats and favors inside fringed snappers, animal and clown nut cups and foil horns. Also "Pin the Tail on the Lion" game and a party suggestion folder. Service for 8. $3.95. Maymac Co., 660 Locust Street, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.*



A REAL CONVERSATION (CENTER) PIECE. *Use this clever plastic candlevase to circle your candles with flowers. Uniquely shaped, it sits on top of the candlestick, anchored by the candle which slips through the built-up circle of the vase's center and into the candlestick. The vase holds water for your favorite greens or posies. Buy flowers that will blend with your table-setting or room colors. Pair $1.25. Cauman, 151 Lexington Ave., New York 16.*



YOU'LL HEAD THE EASTER PARADE *in this cunning chucker-shaped straw topped off with a semi-circle of colorful forget-me-nots, as gay as Spring itself. This charming chapeau, worn with your favorite ensemble, will be your crowning glory. Comfortable, it hugs the head and has a mere suspicion of front brim. Navy, black, brown, white, pastels. By Madcaps. $5.00 (add 15c postage out of N.Y.C.). Bloomingdale's, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., New York 22.*



THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE *awaits you in this lantern alarm clock that steals the charm of its early American ancestor. Has an enameled case in brilliant red, green, yellow and sky blue with polished brass trim, a Roman numeral dial, distinct hands and tiny feet. 3¼-inch diameter. Guaranteed 30-hour Ingraham movement with single wind key for both time and clear alarm. $4.35. Harley's Clock Shop, 1209 Grand Ave., Kansas City 6E, Missouri.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order.



A GLIMPSE OF GAY PAREE *right in your own home . . . these colorful little gems are authentic street scenes of Montmartre, the most atmospheric section of that fabulous city. There are eight different colorful miniatures beautifully executed by Charles Cobelle in a brilliant silk screen technique. Each picture, sized 7¾" x 8¾" comes in a smart green wooden frame 1⅝" wide. $3.50 each. FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 21.*



AN EASTER PET FOR LINDSAY! *I found this wonderful mechanical wizzard to amuse Lindsay on Easter morn. Guaranteed to give parents an extra hour's sleep any day, this captivating pet, beautifully lithographed, will be a tot's constant companion. A twist of the wrist winds up the sturdy metal duck and he goes off quacking and waddling like a real barnyard pet. $1.75. QT Novelty Co., P.O. Box 54, Murray Hill Station, New York 16.*



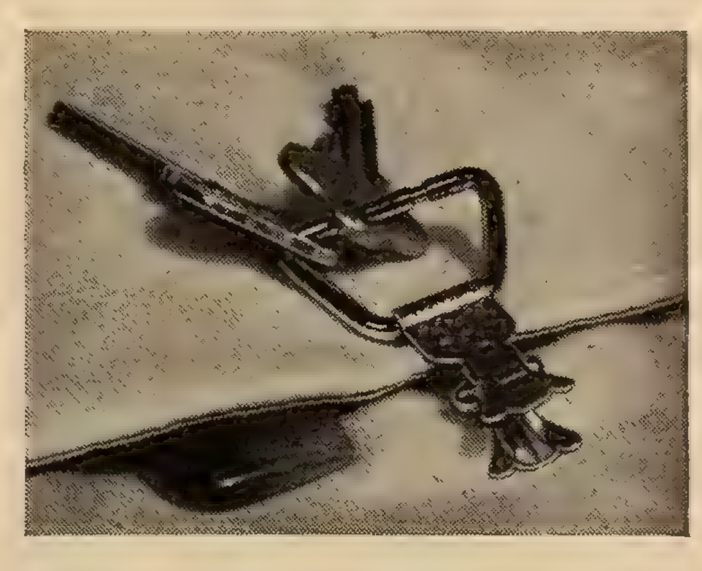
LADY, YOUR CHARMS ARE SHOWING *when you're wearing this group of bangles on a smart charm bracelet. Not alone a handsome piece of jewelry in non-tarnishable brass, but it also holds a quartet of useful capsule charms . . . a metal money holder, a bright lipstick in its case, a perfume applicator, and a telescoping cigarette holder that fits in its own sanitary case, and all for only $3.25. Princess Eve, 48 E. 43 St., New York 17.*



TRY SOME SLEIGHT OF HAND. *A charming scatter pin turns into a handsome dinner ring at a whim's notice. Start with a flower-like rhinestone brooch which pins easily onto a specially designed ring band and presto . . . an unusual scatter pin ring. The pin, of course, does beautifully on its own. Ring band takes to any other small pin. Ring and pin $3.60; ring alone $1.20; pin alone $2.40. Eunice Novelties, Box 41, Rego Park, New York.*



HIS PIPE DREAMS COME TRUE! *I'm sure your best beau never imagined he could receive a whole collection of six of the finest imported, hand-made Mediterranean Briar pipes in one gift. Set includes Dublin, pot, pear, regular bent, egg and billiard shapes, expertly finished in French or walnut, all fitted with a sturdy mouthpiece and aluminum filter. They're sure to please. $2.98 for all six pipes. C. & W. Products, 202 Grand Street, Brooklyn, New York.*



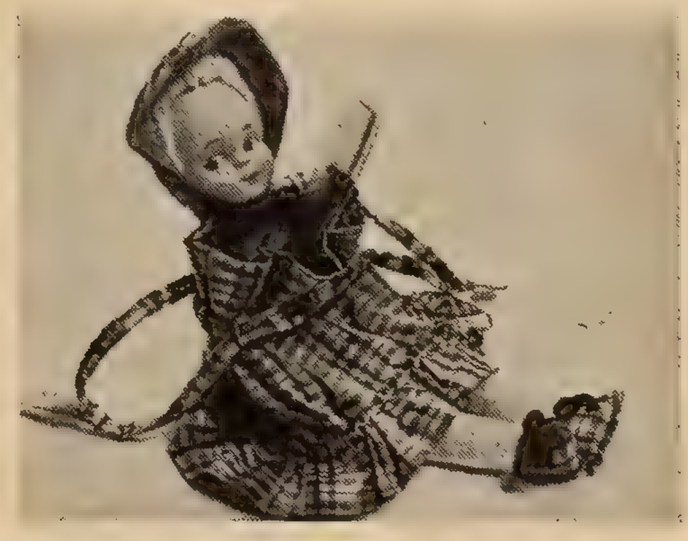
THE KEYS TO YOUR KINGDOM *are constantly on tap with the handbag keycaddy that clips firmly onto the inner pocket of your purse and prevents your keys from slithering out of reach. This keeper of your keys even clips onto a belt or pocket. The ring, smartly stirrup-shaped in gold plate, is attached to a two-tone patterned spring clip. It comes boxed in a cardboard replica of a handbag. $1.08. Dept. 49 D, Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.*



THIS TRAY SERVES ME WELL. *Straight from Sweden, this beautifully crafted tray in finest Swedish birch wood would be a delightful surprise gift to anyone. Simple and elegant in the fashionable Swedish modern design, it is lacquered in clear varnish to accent the beautiful birch grain. Lightweight, yet sturdy, and treated to withstand water and stains. 11" x 14" tray, $3.25. 13" x 17", $4.00. The Maglar Co., La Porte, Ind.*



THESE TURTLES ARE FAST WORKERS. *Just put a China turtle in an ashtray and see your cigarette snuffed out in a jiffy. No more smouldering butts to cause ugly table and nasty carpet burns. The turtle is a fine cigarette rest and will even act as a pipe tamp. They're cunning little fellows to have around the house. Three assorted colored turtles (ashtrays not included). $1.00. Get them at Lyons Specialties, Yardville, New Jersey.*

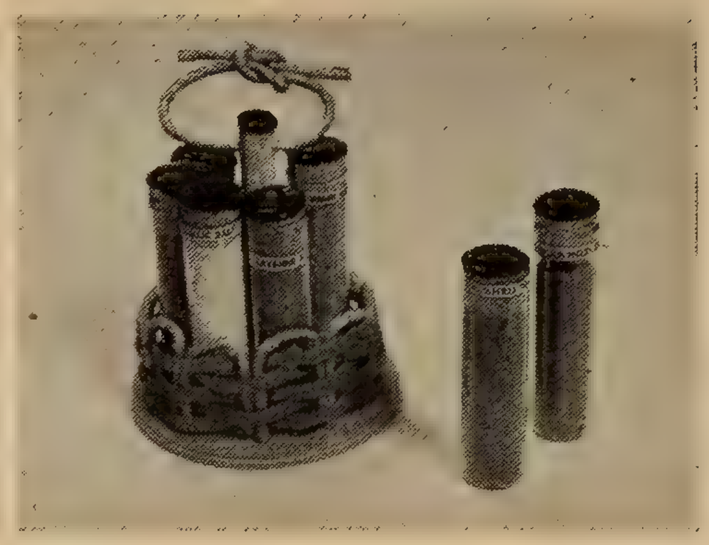


LINDSAY'S CRAZY FOR A CARRIDOLL *to accompany her in the Easter Parade, so this cute little doll-handbag will be our Easter present to her. The doll's a yellow-haired miss with checked taffeta dress belted by plaid drawstring arms (and hands) that open and close the skirt to form a bag. A bonnet and shoes in matching plaid with velvet trim complete her outfit. A comb and mirror are inside. $5.00. Carridoll, P.O. Box 11114, New Orleans, La.*

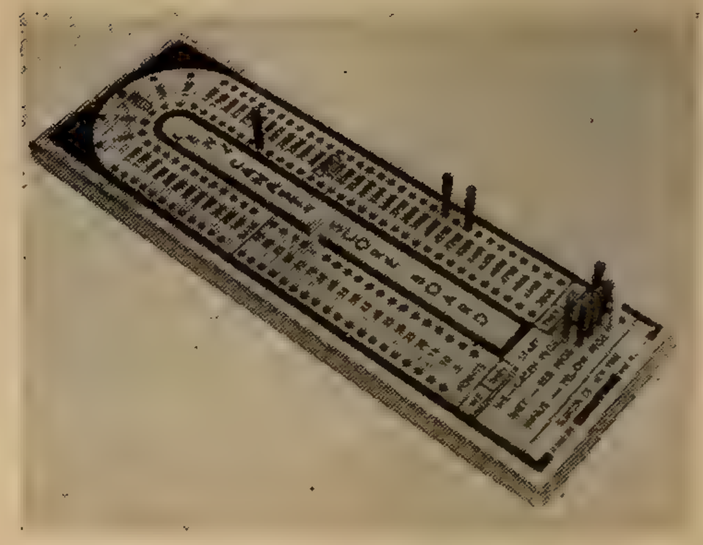
Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where monogrammed.

betty hutton
your hollywood shopper
for march





THE SALT OF THE EARTH! *This attractive reed basket filled with seven assorted seasonings will delight the most fastidious cook. In it are salts and peppers gathered from all over the world. The seven vials hold a variety of fascinating, flavor-giving spicy salts and hot peppers. A pinch of any of these will add spice to your favorite homemade dish. It's a perfect gift for a bride's kitchen shower. $2.25. Hoff Condiments, RD 5, York, Pennsylvania.*



DO YOU KNOW THE SCORE? *Canasta friends will be delighted by this new Canasta score board, a handy device that eliminates the use of pencil and paper and does your arithmetic for you. The wooden board, 3¼" x 10½", is visible at all times to each player. Small colored plastic pegs, which can be stored right inside the board, do the work. An instruction sheet is included. $2.00 Get it at Birkdales, 260 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York.*



THEY'RE CERTAINLY WORTH THEIR SALT. *Beautiful crystal salt dishes and solid sterling silver spoons to charm your dinner guests and serve them elegantly. The open salt dishes are exquisitely cut to add sparkle to your table. The spoons are tiny reproductions of a handsome English teaspoon. You can get them in a gift box containing two salt dishes and two spoons, $2.50. Set of four $4.50. Fleetwood Silversmiths, 36 Cliff Avenue, Yonkers 5, New York.*



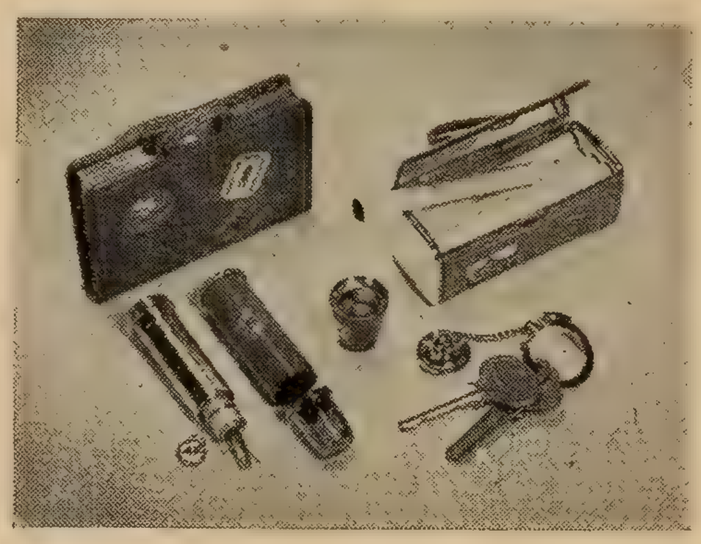
IF THEY'RE SPORT FANS FROM WAY BACK, *they're sure to go wild over these shorts with authentic sports records printed over them! Handsomely tailored of durable rayon, they have real newspaper sports sections reprinted on them. From fencing to football, this lively job features everything to interest a sportsminded man . . . or even some oomphy females. Sizes 28-40. $1.95. Same fabric in sportshirt, s, m, ml, l $5.95; pajamas $7.95. Alex Loeb, Meridian, Miss.*



DOZE, AND OFF IT GOES! *It's a remarkable little reading light that clamps on to your book. When you enter the land of nod and drop the book, the light goes out automatically. Light-weight plastic, carefully insulated, with an eight-foot cord and bulb. Uses little electricity, as the light is concentrated directly on your reading and not on your spouse. Get it for $1.50 at Eagle Electric Mfg. Co., 23-10 Bridge Plaza S., Long Island City 1, New York.*



BUY, BUY BLACKBIRDS *or birds of dove white plastic with gleaming rhinestone eyes to perch glamorously on your ears. Birds of a feather usually flock together, but sometimes go astray with fascinating results—a blackbird on one ear, a white one on the other. Try a pair of earrings in each color for three-way variety. They're comfortable screw-ons. Pair, $2.50; two pairs, $4.75. Gift Sources, 2 Columbus Circle, New York 19, New York.*



THIS LUGGAGE NEEDS NO "REDCAP". *These travel-wise purse accessories, of real saddle leather, are covered with numerous colorful authentic travel stickers of Air France, the French Line and famous continental hotels. At left is a "2-Suiter" compact with handles $4.50. Cigarette trunk at right is metal lined, $5.00. Sewing-kit, lipstick-shaped $3.00. Key chain with pill barrel charm, $1.50. James Stuart, 410 Delaware Avenue, Wilmington, Delaware.*



"I'VE GOT A LITTLE LIST" *to hang on my kitchen wall. It doubles as a knife rack and triples as a bread board. Made of wood, and gayly colored with red trim, it serves as a permanent grocery check list, with pegs to plug in when you're about to run short. A fitted space behind the board is ample room for a knife rack. Or the panel slides out completely to make a bread board. $3.95. Unique Arts, Box 4, Kensington Station, Brooklyn 18, N. Y.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order. Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where monogrammed.

CUTEX pearl brilliance

the new iridescent nail polish worn by the Hollywood stars





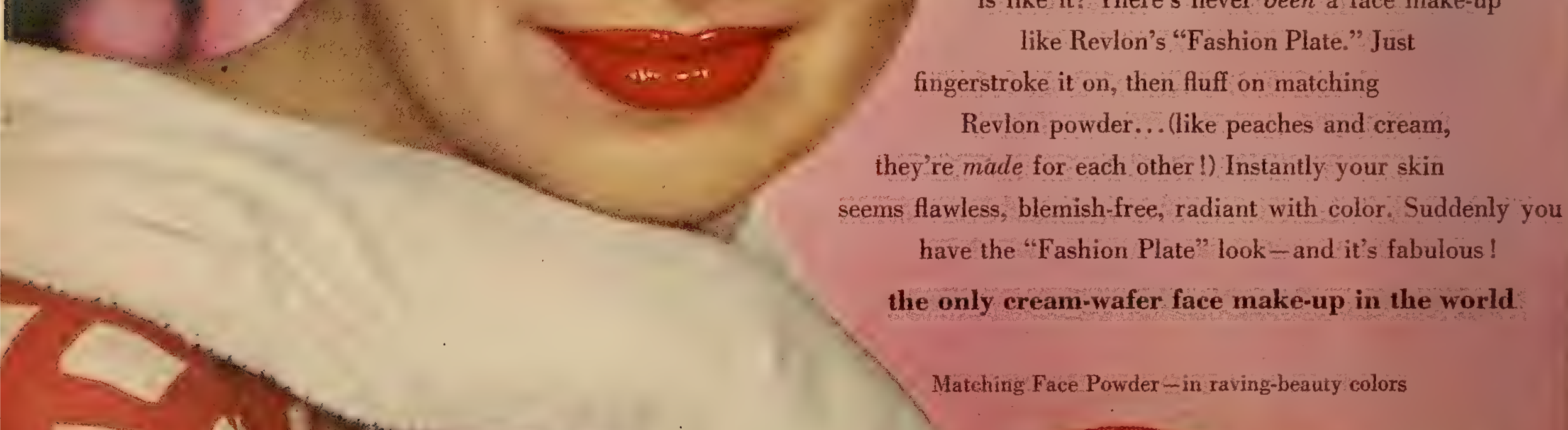
It's more than a new color . . . it's an entirely new kind of nail polish. And it's called Pearl Brilliance — exclusive, of course, with CUTEX. All Hollywood is wearing this new, lovelier iridescent type of polish that makes fingertips shimmer like jewels. *And* this is the only iridescent polish so amazingly low-priced, that has all the gleaming beauty of the most expensive you can buy. Any woman can afford to wear it all the time. Try a bottle of CUTEX PEARL BRILLIANCE today. In six high-fashion shades. Matching lipstick.

THIS IS THE "FASHION PLATE" LOOK

Smart women just *know* it, for no look is like it! There's never *been* a face make-up like Revlon's "Fashion Plate." Just fingerstroke it on, then fluff on matching Revlon powder...(like peaches and cream, they're *made* for each other!) Instantly your skin seems flawless, blemish-free, radiant with color. Suddenly you have the "Fashion Plate" look—and it's fabulous!

the only cream-wafer face make-up in the world

Matching Face Powder—in raving-beauty colors



REVLON

HAT: MAGO HAYES DRESS: OMAR KHAYAM OF BEN REIG © 1951 REVLON PRODUCTS CORP.

An open letter to Shirley Temple

Dear Shirley,

First, we'd like to wish you happiness. As Mrs. Charles Black we're sure you'll find it. This year you made a momentous decision—you made a choice between a career and marriage, knowing that in your case, at least, the two couldn't go together. For unlike many other Hollywood careers, yours has been a legend. Adoration, not the ordinary but important kind of love is reserved for legendary figures. You chose wisely, we think, and Hollywood's loss will be your well-earned gain . . . This has been a time of many decisions . . . We know that you were as shocked as we when Elizabeth Taylor announced her separation from Nicky Hilton. Elizabeth had created a world of dreams for other people. When her marriage failed, belief was shattered . . . if Elizabeth, who had everything, could not be happy, why should others go on dreaming . . .? But not only young love has foundered. Even you, in your contentment, must be a little fearful at the news of Barbara Stanwyck's decision. If there had ever been real devotion in Hollywood it existed in her marriage to Robert Taylor. When other marriages went the way of divorce there was always this one to point to. Now, after eleven years, people must look elsewhere for confirmation. They will look to you and to others who have won their admiration. They will look to Ruth Roman because she is more than a rising Hollywood personality. She has an inner solidity of spirit developed through years of seeking a goal seemingly out of reach. Ruth reached her goal, unchanged, as evidenced by her marriage this month. Bypassing the route of many engagements and many estrangements, she chose a man removed from Hollywood glitter. Now Mrs. Mortimer Hall, her future seems solid and secure . . . In this month, too, Colleen Townsend sealed her decision to leave Hollywood by marrying a divinity student. It is to her credit that she was true to herself, for success in Hollywood is a jealous suitor eager to turn its back on half-hearted lovers . . . This indeed, has been a time of decisions—happy, sad, humorous, pathetic. You've heard of them; you've been part of them. We've written about them all in this issue—the stories behind the headlines, your story, too, which we present with special pride and all good wishes.

Charles D. Saxon

EDITOR



Monty prefers outdoor sports to night life.



He dates girls who aren't in the limelight.



He likes all sorts of people and places.

If Monty Clift's
a freak so is everyone
who lives in a
home he can afford,
and pulls down
the shades when he wants
to be alone.

BY LESLIE SNYDER

"WHO'S A FREAK?"

■ You know what they say about Monty Clift—the only suit he has is on his back; he lives in a New York apartment so small that when he stands his head hits the ceiling; he's about as sociable as a bear in the middle of winter. I'm here to tell you it's all a lie. That's right. A lie. I was there; I spoke to the man; he even lit my cigarette. And I was charmed right out of my senses.

Hard to interview, huh? I called him up from a phone booth. "I've been asked to write a story about you for MODERN SCREEN," I said.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "Ding, ding, ding, send out the news!"

"Exactly what I want to do," I told him, and he invited me over.

He greeted me in the doorway of his East Side apartment. He was wearing a white shirt open at the neck, brown slacks and a grin that weakened my ankles. He shook hands with me in a nice, firm way and ushered me into the living room.

So far, so fine. He hadn't leered, sneered or smirked, and it didn't look as if he were going to. He was acting normal, maybe even a little better than normal, and I was stumped with the $64 question—who's a freak? Not Monty Clift. You can bet on that.

I settled myself in an easy chair and Monty said, "They've written enough stories about me. Don't tell me they've left out something."

"Guess they have," I told him. (*Continued on page 84*)



Bringing home baby

Callers won't find Mama Williams in lace on satin pillows. She's receiving in overalls, on a ladder.

BY JANE WILKIE



A fellow's first haircut is important. Benjie Gage got expert Eddie Poole to do the job on Mom's movie set.





Esther made the cozy gingham-trimmed lamp, but not the glamorous, formal dresses. Ben approves both—and her home-again figure.



The Gages rushed to get the baby's room ready by December. Kim, their second son, surprised them by coming 2 months early.



Ben and Esther take time off from the new house, Benjie and the new baby, Kimball, to relax and count their blessings.

■ According to novelists, scenario writers and dear old ladies, the weeks following the birth of a baby are the loveliest a new mother can experience. She lies abed and languishes in the luxury of having friends and family attend her every need. She wears fluffy pink things, and sips orange juice daintily. Above all, nothing disturbs her peace of mind, and her world is rosily sheltered until her strength returns.

This has not been the case with Esther Williams. Since the birth of Kimball Austin Gage back in October, Esther's thoughts have been taken up with cement mixers, sewer pipes, crossed telephone lines, and firescreens suitable for people twenty-four inches tall.

It isn't due to any lack of planning. As anybody knows, when a baby is expected it is only common sense to move into a new house *before* the infant arrives. This bit of logic was duly considered by Esther and plans made accordingly. But things have been ganging a-gley with the Gages.

It was in May of last year, when Esther was in Hawaii making *Pagan Love Song*, that she first knew she was pregnant. On her return home, the house in the Pacific Palisades seemed to have shrunk alarmingly. Benjie was walking now, and every time Esther put her foot down, he was under it. So she and Ben started working on floor plans for the house they had always wanted to build on their property near the ocean. In August they held a family conference. If they didn't begin building immediately it would be too late, for the baby was expected in December. By September they decided to rent a place for a year or so, and then build their house. And on a Sunday late in that month they found the house in Mandeville Valley and bought it on the spot.

It's a big, rambling frame house, painted a bright yellow, and there are two bedrooms on the ground floor for the boys, a master bedroom upstairs, and an attic that can be converted later into another bedroom. There is a garage with attached servant quarters out back. But the nice thing about this house is that it is made for tall people. It has light and air and the ceilings are high, and most important, it's a comfortable house.

"If we move in by October," said Esther, "we can have all the painting done, the pool and dressing rooms built in the back, the kitchen fixed up like a real farmhouse kitchen, and the driveway finished—everything by the time the baby comes." They got busy with a new set of plans, and soon were so engrossed that they decided they'd keep this place for many more years to come. (*Continued on page 102*)

MODERN SCREEN publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., beams as June Allyson and Alan Ladd congratulate each other on winning MS' popularity poll.

modern screen's

PARTY OF THE YEAR

HOLLYWOOD IS USED TO PARTIES, THEY HAVE THEM EVERY DAY. BUT WHEN LOUELLA PARSONS GIVES ONE—EVERYBODY COMES. SO PULL UP A CHAIR AND HELP FETE THE WINNERS OF MODERN SCREEN'S POPULARITY POLL.

■ You should have been there. You really should have, because it is the readers of MODERN SCREEN who are really responsible for the big, enchanting Ciro's party Louella Parsons tossed for June Allyson and Alan Ladd and the other twenty top popularity winners in the world-wide poll.

It would have been impossible, though, to have had you all there at Ciro's, even if proprietor Herman Hover had knocked out the walls. He almost had to at that, for this was the party of the year. More than three hundred of Hollywood's top stars, many of whom hadn't even met each other before, flocked through the famous Ciro's doors.

Let's turn back the clock to that gala evening. Our hostess, Louella, really knows how to give a party. "I don't want anyone to make a speech to the popularity winners," she said. "Just tell everybody to come and have a good time."

That's exactly what they did. There were no speeches, but if all the animated conversation between new and old friends were bottled up it would last Hollywood a lifetime of champagne.

June Allyson was one of the first to arrive. "Golly," she exclaimed, "look at all the movie stars!"

"Where's Dick?" someone asked.

"My dear husband, Mr. Powell?" June replied. "Darnit, he's home in bed suffering from that 'riculitous' or whatever you call it. No joking—it's awfully painful, but he insisted that I shouldn't miss the party of the year."

Positively beaming, June congratulated Alan Ladd on winning for the third straight year and (*Cont'd on next page*)



Dana and Mary Andrews, married 11 years, typify Hollywood's happy families. They held hands most of evening, chatted with agent Charles Feldman.



As Ruth Roman laughed with Arthur Kennedy, she gave no hint that she would pull the surprise of the year by marrying Mort Hall on December 17.



John Derek wants to know how to win a popularity cup. So he asks the man who owns three, Alan Ladd. Sue Ladd listens in.



Everybody was at Ciro's from starlets to well-loved, established stars like Lloyd Nolan and Edward G. Robinson, two who are ever-popular.



Vic and Dorothy Mature circulated like mad all evening getting tips on building their new house. Everybody but Mr. Blandings gave them advice.



Newsworthy Shelley Winters came alone, split her attention between reporters Louella Parsons and Sheilah Graham.

MORE ➤

modern screen's

PARTY OF THE YEAR

continued

exclaimed, "Let me in on the secret, Alan. I'd like to fill my house up with those beautiful silver cups, too!" (She may, at that, with the way this year's votes are already coming in.)

There's something magical about the parties Louella gives. One moment the room is completely empty. The next it's full of more stars than you'll see on opening night. It's hard to say who attracted the most attention, but when silver-haired Bill (Hopalong Cassidy) Boyd arrived with his lovely wife, Grace Bradley, on his arm, all eyes were turned his way. "Look at *him!*" one starlet exclaimed. "Up to now Clark Gable was my favorite, but you can give me that Hoppy for a leading man. Say, did anyone ever think of putting him in a picture *without* a cowboy suit? That would be something!"

"Men! Men! Men!" Marilyn Monroe exulted, "There are so many handsomes here I'd like to put each one on a desert island and commute back and forth by speed boat the rest of my life."

If Marilyn thought she was looking at the men she should have seen how the men were looking at her. This is the child who is now the sweetheart discovery of 20th Century-Fox. She has the same Wow appeal that made Lana Turner the Number One glamor girl. Same sort of look, too. When she cast her baby eyes at Scott Brady, who came to the party with Ann Blyth, he staggered a little and promptly asked her for a date.

That's what happens at any real party. Romances are born in a hurry. "I don't know if I should really be here at Ciro's," Bill Lundigan explained, looking fondly at his pert little wife, Rena. "You know, it's our anniversary, and I always like to propose all over again in the same night club. Do you suppose that Herman Hover would mind too much if I took a run over to Mocambo later?" Rena said she didn't think they should leave, so Bill proposed right there. Mrs. Lundigan sighed, "I think husbands should always ask their wives to marry them at least once a year."

As for romance, it was everywhere on this night of nights. Consider Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker. No people looked more in love.

Someone said, "I don't think there's ever been a more interesting love situation in Hollywood than what goes on between Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. It reminds me of the time when Rita Hayworth and Lana Turner used to be in high gear and keeping columnists awake nights trying to figure would they or would they not marry." (*The Curtis-Leigh story is too long to tell here. See page 38.*)

That's just the situation that was bothering lovely Sally Forrest, although she didn't show her feelings at the party. She came with handsome agent Milo Frank, the ex-Marine. Everyone has expected them to marry, but now it looks as though it's all off because Frank may soon go back into service and apparently doesn't want to pick up Sally's option when he can't be around for the full term contract.

In the midst of the festivity Louella Parsons beamed and was heard to say, "Gee, I'm glad I'm a reporter. (And *how* she is!) Where else could you meet so many exciting people?" Then she (*Continued on page 98*)



Piper Laurie arrived at the Ciro's party with Dick Long and a chic new hairdo. Dick will give up his movie career to join the army. Piper is awaiting the Modern Screen contest results out next month.



Loretta Young drew murmurs of appreciation for her gay white hat. "You should have seen it before I gave it a haircut," she told admirers. Seems that the feathers threatened to block her party-view.



No couple there looked more in love than Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker. Shortly after this party they announced their engagement. They'll honeymoon in France when she finishes MGM's *No Questions Asked*.



Petite Vera-Ellen's dancing with Rock Hudson had on-lookers predicting that they'd soon be waltzing down the aisle. This was before their romance started on its on-again-off-again track, which has Hollywood second-guessing.



Hostess Louella Parsons and Publisher George T. Delacorte welcome John Hodiak, Anne Baxter, Broderick and Kay Crawford at the party for Modern Screen's Popularity Poll winners.



When the girls saw Macdonald Carey walk in alone they powdered their noses. But Macdonald stagged only because his wife was ill. Ida Lupino also came alone, met Macdonald over the hors d'oeuvres, and left with Charles Feldman.



It was "happy-married-couples" night also in many corners of Ciro's. The Jeff Chandlers shared a table with Van Heflin and his wife, Frances, who were the party's champion hand-holders.



John Derek gives wife Patti a nickel so she can call home to check with son Russell's baby-sitter. Ciro's hat-check girl moaned: "Too bad he's married, but he couldn't have found a more attractive girl . . ." John agrees.



Scott Brady brought Ann Blyth and managed to surround himself with other lovely girls. He took one look at Marilyn Monroe and asked for a date. Here, he smiles down approvingly at Joan Evans.

enjoy yourself



■ It was an occasion on which even grown men weep. But the teen-aged lad sat starkly dry-eyed, listening to the words which promised that death could not really end the meaning of his father's life. He had, and still has, deep faith in those words. Nonetheless, the thought kept recurring that his father was too young to go.

At 47, his father had been ready to retire from active management of his factory so that he could relax and leisurely enjoy the luxuries he'd earned for his family. Not the luxury of jewels and furs, but of good, vital, secure living—a gracious, spacious, happy home, two good cars, good schools for his son and daughter, trips to Europe and elsewhere, ample financial security for the future. It was quite a lot to have achieved at his age. Instead of enjoying it leisurely, he simply left an impressive heritage for his family.

In the months which followed, there must have been some of his father's business associates in Syracuse, New York, who watched the boy with dismay. Instead of going to Amherst College as planned, he went off to New York City.

"Singing in a chorus at the World's Fair!" they exclaimed first. Then, "Trying to be an actor at some little theater . . . earns only $5.00 a week so his mother has to give him an allowance . . . charges things to her account . . . uses her car all the time . . . not 21 yet or even earning a living and he wants to get married to a 16-year-old actress. . . ."

It's easier
than you think. Ask
Gordon MacRae
who started out with
a smile on his face and
a happy-go-lucky air.
Now his life is as sweet
as the songs he sings.

BY FRANCES CLARK



Gordon and his Sheila married in 1941; now have a MacRae clan of three kids.

If so, they were gossiping true. But their fears weren't fulfilled. Today the boy is known as a star of radio, stage, screen and juke-box. His name is Gordon MacRae.

"Back then," Gordon says, "I decided I was going to observe the MacRae's clan motto, 'We burn but are not consumed.' I'd make a profession of what I loved to do and so be relaxed, enjoying life no matter when, where or what."

Gordon's interpretation of being relaxed, however, is rather staggering.

One recent, typical day went like this. In the wee hours of that morning he left a wildly applauding audience at El Rancho Vegas in Nevada, to take a six hour train ride (planes were grounded by fog) to Hollywood where he's star of NBC's "The Railroad Hour." Rehearsals started at noon. The official broadcast ended at 5:30 o'clock, Hollywood time. Then Gordon was due back in Las Vegas for an evening performance. Fog was still holding up planes and the trains weren't scheduled right. So it looked as though he might have to drive himself, a mere matter of 290 miles!

But such a relaxed character you never saw! And everything went according to his own schedule—the way everything always has gone.

"Instead of going on to Amherst," Gordon says, "I decided to get going on my career right away. I'd always made straight A's in the drama and music classes at Deerfield Academy, but I had to spend an extra year there to make up for any poor grades in geometry, Latin and French to qualify for Amherst.

"Dad had given up the idea of my going into business with him the summer before I graduated from Deerfield. I spent that summer vacation working in the factory with the lathes, power presses, drill presses and the other things which he felt would give me a fair idea of what was ahead for me. But I didn't do very well and I didn't like it a bit. After that, he agreed I ought to try what I wanted to do after I finished Amherst. The next summer he sent me on a YMCA tour of Europe. Shortly after I came home, he was gone. So I just struck out sooner than we'd planned."

None of the singers he worked with at the World's Fair were famous, although one is pretty well-known today as Dick Haymes. After the Fair, Gordon decided to learn more about acting. He landed a $5.00 job with room and board at the Millpond Playhouse in Roslyn, Long Island. His mother gave him $25.00 a week allowance, access to charge accounts and the use of her car.

Soon Sheila Stephens, a very pretty girl, shared the rides with him. And it didn't take him long to decide he wanted to share everything with her from then on. But the lovely English-born girl's parents objected strenuously to their daughter's marrying at 16. So the two just studied together, played together and dreamed together until his mother decided it was high time her handsome son had a taste of work to shape his character.

"I don't care what you do," she told him, "Just so it's decent."

When he landed a job as a page at NBC in New York, she was somewhat taken aback but Gordon knew that it took luck as well as ability to get a big-league job in radio. He waited for his lucky moment. Whenever anyone who might do him any good came into NBC, Gordon sang at his work.

Horace Heidt was the first to give him a second ear. He liked what he heard and saw and hired Gordon to sing with his orchestra.

Gordon hurried to Sheila with the news. Once again they took up the matter of marriage with her parents. Still they couldn't get approval. Gordon went out on the road with Horace Heidt's troupe. In May, Sheila joined the troupe in Cleveland, Ohio, to visit him.

"I'd tried to get my parents to let me make it a wedding trip," Sheila recalls. "But they still wouldn't consent. I was only 18, of course. They adored Gordon but they thought we should wait until we were older."

"Sheila, Gordon's no good to me," Horace Heidt told her on her arrival. "He's thinking about you all the time. Why don't you get married here and now? Then he'll hit his stride." (*Continued on page 106*)

"Date only one girl and you're dead!" a wise guy told

One-woman man



him. But Tony just dates Janet and now at last he's really living. • BY IMOGENE COLLINS

■ Three years ago, when Tony Curtis first came out to Hollywood, an old-time publicity man offered him some advice.

"Son," he said, "don't tie yourself down with any one gal. Play the field and you'll be okay. Stick with one dame, and you're dead."

Tony was politely doubtful. "I don't understand," he said, "what's wrong in going with one girl?"

"Now, look, kid," the veteran tub-thumper explained, "if you concentrate on one dame the newspapers will mention it four or five times. You're out at Universal, right? So, say you start going with Ann Blyth. Curtis and Blyth, that's the combination. Well, it makes the gossip columns a few times, and then you're finished. Everybody thinks you're tied up, and you can't get a date. The best thing for a young actor is to get around with a lot of girls. Makes people think you're a great lover."

Curtis who is young, trusting and naive started following this advice to the letter.

His first date at Universal, strangely enough, was with Ann Blyth. "She's a wonderful girl," Tony says, "and I had a fine evening with her—only I found out early that we had very little in common. Ann is very sweet, you know, very demure and pious. She's quiet and sedate, and well, I guess I'm not. I'm the kind of guy who likes to live each day as if it's his last. Ann and I are opposites in temperament, background, and outlook."

When Tony stopped dating Ann, he began seeing Shelley Winters occasionally. But here again, there was no mutual attraction. "Shelley," according to Tony, "is absolutely fantastic. She's a dynamo, a volcano in eruption. I couldn't keep up with her."

The fact that Tony had dated Ann Blyth and Shelley Winters immediately made him column bait—as the publicity man had predicted—and the next thing he knew, Tony began receiving phone calls from young starlets. "How about being my escort next Thursday night?" or, "Wouldn't you like to take me to Arthur's party?" they'd ask.

"Maybe I'm just plain dumb," Tony says now, "but I thought these girls were calling because they were interested in *me*. I found out later they weren't interested in me. They just wanted to use my name.

"I took one starlet out and she said, 'I hear you know Mr. Goldwyn. How about introducing me some time?' I don't know Mr. Goldwyn at all.

"I went out with another and she said, 'Look, Tony, you take care of me and I'll take care of you.' Honest, I didn't know what she meant. Later, I learned she wanted to meet a producer on the lot.

"The experiences I had playing the field—you wouldn't believe them. Never have I met such career-conscious girls. They all want to get ahead. I couldn't tell if they liked me or they were using me. It was funny, too, because I had no influence with anyone at the time, and I still don't. With ten cents I can buy a cup of coffee.

"I remember the time I took this young actress to a party. I'm not going to mention her name. I happened to meet a gentleman there who was in the hardware business. I told my date that he was a big producer. Maybe you won't believe this, but you know, she dropped me flat and she hung around this guy's neck all evening. Maybe I should've laughed, but honest, I was disillusioned. Where, I kept asking myself, can an actor meet one sincere girl?"

Speaking of disillusion, all Hollywood remembers the time Tony took Geraldine Brooks to a party thrown by Farley Granger. At this party, Tony didn't like the way Farley was looking at Geraldine, and he didn't particularly like the way Geraldine was gazing at Farley.

Presently, Tony sat down beside Geraldine. She was smiling at Farley, and Tony was rapidly burning.

"Gerry," said Tony, "I want to talk to you—in the other room."

"What do you mean?" Geraldine allegedly replied.

"Get in the other room!" Curtis stormed. And then he whirled on Granger. "And you, too, Farley," he barked.

After the three of them went into another room, Tony locked the door. Furious, he turned on Granger. "What kind of an idiot do you think I am, Farley?" he shouted. "Don't you think I have eyes? Don't you think I can see what's going on between you two? If you want to date Gerry, all you have to do is ask me. You want to take her home, go ahead take her home."

Then Tony opened the door and walked out.

Farley took Geraldine home, and the friendship between these two can be dated from that night.

This incident happened some time ago—so at least legend has it—and today Curtis and Granger are good friends. The point to be made, however, is this—playing the Hollywood field turned Tony Curtis into a one-woman man.

"I was played for a sucker so many times," Tony said, "that I began being suspicious of all girls. They must want something, I told myself, or they wouldn't go out with me. And the funniest part of it all is that I can't even help my own career, never mind helping someone else's. I'm still a beginner out here. I've got lots to learn, but back then I didn't even know how to drive to the studio.

"The luckiest thing that ever happened to me was meeting Janet Leigh. Here was an actress who's fifty times more important, more experienced, and more valuable than I am.

"I've been going with Janet almost a year now, and do you know, she's never once asked me to take her to a night club or suggested that it might be a good idea if we were seen at such and such a place.

"Maybe I'm kidding myself, but I think Janet is interested in me as a person. She knows there's nothing I can do for her career-wise. She has more money, (*Continued on page 79*)

Your career's at the crossroads, and Hollywood wiseacres know it. Now they're waiting for you to put the wrong foot forward . . .

BY JIM BURTON

"watch your step, farley!"

■ Some weeks ago, a motion picture director, toiling over the script of his next epic, halted his work for a moment as a producer entered his office.

"Just a minute," he said, "I want to finish this kitchen scene between Granger and the girl."

"Save yourself the trouble," said the producer, "Granger's not going to play it."

The director looked up in surprise.

"You're kidding," he said.

"No," said the producer. "He doesn't want to do it."

"But it's him," said the director. "It's perfect for him."

The producer shrugged his shoulders.

"I've got to go look for another boy," he said.

The director sat and scratched his head and meditated upon the unpredictability of actors.

"Just imagine," he muttered to himself. "Now Farley Granger is turning down pictures."

Except for the last line in this little sketch, it is a pretty stock situation in Hollywood. Actors, for any number of reasons, have been turning down scripts since motion pictures began. But when a boy as unusually lucky in his selection of roles, and as unusually grateful as Farley Granger has been, starts turning them down, the situation confuses even (*Continued on page* 89)





The sprawling sunroom with its many windows is typical of the David Wayne home. It was built a generation ago when taxes were

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

something sort of GRANDISH

by Marva Peterson

■ "I want a house so big," David Wayne used to tell his wife, "that you'll have to send a St. Bernard to call me for meals."

And now they have one—a house so large and beautiful that a St. Bernard would need a friend to lead him around. It's a far cry from their basement apartment in New York's Greenwich Village. That apartment was the reconverted second kitchen of what had been an elegant town house. It was one room with a converted woodshed for sleeping

This is the house of *ishes* come true, the house that David Wayne dreamed

almost non-existent and glamor was at an all-time high.

quarters, and a refrigerator under the sink. The Waynes laughingly referred to the place as home.

The laugh froze on David's lips the day an obstetrician invited him into his office. "Mr. Wayne," said the obstetrician, "I have a big surprise for you."

David arranged his face in a nervous smile. "Yes, doctor?"

"Wayne," the obstetrician boomed. "By next week you should be the father of twins!" (*Continued on next page*)

about—something sort of swell*ish*, large*ish*, lav*ish* .



The luxuriously furnished entrance hall and stairway reflect the feeling of the house. Neutral tones in carpeting and upholstery, and blonde furniture are planned to blend into the overall décor.



Next to the master bedroom is an upstairs living room reserved for intimate family affairs and TV showings. Pine-paneled and simple, it's a bonus room that comes only in large, old-fashioned houses.



The dining room, opening on a camellia garden, looks modern but is furnished in antique Chinese Chippendale, a forerunner of contemporary design. Mirrored walls seem to increase the room's size.

MORE ➤



David once was a leprechaun on the stage—perfect training as a playmate for Melinda and Susan. The playroom is decorated in red with white window shutters and red and white scatter rugs.



Melinda and Susan, the twins, and blonde Timmie love to corner their father in the sunroom for games and read-alouds. Their mother, Jane, is the daughter of Jean Gordon, a Met opera star.

something sort of grandish cont'd

David had known he was going to be a father. He'd even thought he could talk one baby into living in the basement—but two? That second baby might walk out on him.

His wife offered a suggestion having to do with magic. David was appearing as a leprechaun in Broadway's *Finian's Rainbow,* and his wife said, "Why don't you just conjure up a second bedroom?"

"Darling," David said helplessly, "we'll just have to ad lib it."

Melinda and Susan, the twins, arrived on time. And their parents felt so gay that they all managed to survive even without another bedroom. In fact, Ogi, a nurse, came around a lot, too. It was always as busy as bargain day down in that basement.

David started having dreams of grandeur. "This house we're going to get," he'd say, "this house will be the largest, roomiest, most spacious house you ever saw."

When MGM brought David out to Hollywood at the request of Katherine Hepburn, who wanted him in *Adam's Rib,* David finally got a chance to carry out his aim. That was two Octobers ago, and the Wayne family had been increased by Timmie, a son.

"When I told the real estate agents that I was in the market for a house with five bedrooms," David says, "they really rubbed their hands with glee. Nowadays, you know, everyone wants small houses, intimate places, keeps the overhead down.

"I could see what was going through the minds of those real estate boys. Here I was, an ignorant fish from the East. This was their opportunity to unload a big white elephant. You should've seen some of the jobs they showed Jane and me. The Atwater Kent estate, the Doheny mansion, places that looked like the Museum of Natural History. 'Look Jack,' I finally said to one of these boys, 'we're in the market for a big family house, but we're not looking for stables, swimming pools and a hundred acres of citrus fruit.' "

After inspecting the various offers, David and Jane decided that it would be more economical to take an old house and fix it up than to mortgage their future and buy a new one.

The house they finally selected is in the "Sunset Boulevard" section of Hollywood. It was built a generation ago when Gloria Swanson was a young woman and income taxes were negligible. The house reflects both influences.

To begin with, it is tremendous—a three story structure with thirteen rooms, and five baths. The acre and a half that surrounds the house is beautifully landscaped with evergreens and magnificent eucalyptus trees. There is also a tennis court, a pond jammed with gold fish, and a patch of lawn large enough for David (*Continued on page 91*)

▲ Their elegantly appointed living room is a far cry from the all-in-one basement job in New York. The house has thirteen rooms and five baths with an acre of landscaped grounds, and a tennis court.

➤ David's corner of the library is made for a man with pipe and book. He reads everything from Spinoza to golf tips. Jean's unique collection of china banks was started by her mother years ago.

▼ The formal library is book-crammed and designed for reading. Done in soft green, its monotone effect is easy on the eyes and relaxing. Tall Chinese vases give light and dignity to the room.





hollywood's ten most

You bet Hollywood men aren't what they used to be! They're more exciting than ever. For instance, take these ten— and who wouldn't?

■ The good looking guy sat on my sofa telling the story with gestures while I almost rolled all over my best Oriental rug. He was recalling the time when the late John Barrymore came to his house for dinner—and stayed six riotous days. Every minute that week was a howl, every hour a fantastic adventure.

"You just can't believe what a fascinating person Jack was," sighed my guest, as I doubled up at the unprintable pranks. "I never had a more wonderful time in my life. But Hedda," he lamented, "you know, they've quit breeding stars like Barrymore around here. There just aren't fascinating men in Hollywood any more."

But before he had those words out of his mouth, I had the mirror whipped out of my compact and up before his handsome, startled face.

"Take a good look," I told Errol Flynn, "and maybe you'll see one right about now!"

"Stop kidding," he protested. But, believe me, kidding was the last thing on my mind.

Almost every day, it seems, someone comes my way with a complaint like this: (*Continued on page 92*)



"**FARLEY GRANGER,** an exciting faun-like creature, has a ravenous hunger to live and learn. He's like springtime, ready to bust out all over one fine day."



"**TYRONE POWER** is a model gentleman. His manly authority is blended with incredible handsomeness, clean-cut charm."



"**TONY CURTIS** has eyes you could get lost in. He's a flinty fighter who doesn't let anything stand in his way, yet Tony is tender as well as tough."



"**ERROL FLYNN** is a scamp who should have lived in the flamboyant 16th century. He's ruthless, conceited, irresistible."

fascinating men

by hedda hopper



"**MARLON BRANDO,** a brilliant brat, is all wrapped up in acting. Possibly the greatest genius since Barrymore, he's complex, unorthodox, hard to know."



"**HOWARD DUFF** is the pipe type. He's patient and philosophical, slow but sure. One star says, 'He has the greatest physical magnetism I've ever felt'."



"**STEWART GRANGER,** the essence of sophistication and British charm, has romance and virility in every glance."



"**ROBERT MITCHUM,** that reckless slugger of life, is a poet, too. He does what he wants when he wants to, and no matter what it is, he's lovable."



"**MONTGOMERY CLIFT** is lazy and likes to loaf, but he's a brilliant personality. A free soul, he despises glamor, and remains unimpressed and indifferent."



"**VICTOR MATURE** is like a brass band. He's frank, he's original, he's never dull. And what a 'gorgeous hunk of man'."



portrait of DOMERGUE

When you think of Faith

you think of

tangos in the moonlight,

the scent of perfume,

the lustre of

black satin

and pearls . . .

BY LOUIS POLLOCK



"They come first," says Faith of director-husband Hugo and baby Diana.

■ More than six years ago Merle Oberon was dancing at the old Trocadero when she suddenly turned away from her partner to put her hand on the arm of a young girl nearby. Merle spoke to her in open admiration.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "But how pretty you are."

The younger girl, slim, dark like Merle, brown-eyed and with a Latin glow, blushed and seemed to hesitate about answering. When she did speak it was with a noticeable lisp. "Thank you," she replied.

The girl had wanted to say more. She had wanted to say (and this is her first opportunity to do so publicly) that ever since she was in her 'teens and saw Merle in *Wuthering Heights* she modeled herself after her. In fact, she converted her neighborhood into the Highlands in her imagination and for months it rang with her lisping cries of "Heathcliffe!"

The girl, as you may have guessed, was Faith Domergue. Today Faith, who plays opposite Bob Mitchum in RKO's *Where Danger Lies,* is headed for stardom. She brings to this career her unusual brunette beauty and a long, intensive preparation for her work. However, she does not leave behind the life she has been living—the most important side of her life, she says. Whatever happens to her professionally, she wants always to continue a role she began more than three years ago—the role of a young wife, and now, young mother.

Faith lives with her husband, Hugo Fregonese, and her baby daughter, Diana, in a two-bedroom, duplex apartment resembling hundreds of other small apartments in West Los Angeles. Like many of the young wives in the area she has a cleaning woman come in two or three days a week, but otherwise does her own housework and cooking. Though she is blessed by the fact that her parents occupy the lower half of the duplex and constantly volunteer to baby-sit, she and Hugo do not go out very often. When they do, it is generally to the home of friends for an evening of talk or perhaps cards. They're seldom seen at large parties or night clubs.

Born in New Orleans, Faith was brought to California by her parents when she was five and grew up right in Beverly Hills. Her playmates started to laugh early at her lisp, on the street, and in school when she insisted on trying out for parts in class theatricals. Even worse, her teachers used to try to dissuade her, diplomatically, of course, from trying to be an actress.

This was when a discouraged Faith used to run away from school . . . but rarely to anywhere else but her home. She doesn't think this was odd on her part.

"After all, what (*Continued on page 104*)

two tragic divorces

Marriage and divorce are common in Hollywood; the public takes them both with a shrug of the shoulders. But these two marriages were different; these two divorces were shocking blows. Elizabeth Taylor, beautiful and blessed, found her prince and spun golden dreams for all the girls in the world . . . Barbara Stanwyck married Robert Taylor and for eleven years set an example of mature devotion . . . When these marriages ended, belief ended, and now people wonder: can love ever last in Hollywood?

"I cried for you"

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM It was a bleak Wednesday evening in December. Lights were glowing softly all over Bel Air where people live in luxurious contentment. Suddenly, a black Cadillac convertible whizzed up a winding road. It slid to a stop before a huge and stately mansion. For a moment nothing stirred.

Knuckles white as she grasped the steering wheel, Elizabeth Taylor sat and stared straight ahead, as if gathering courage for a momentous decision. Then she swung open the car door and walked toward the sumptuous home of Conrad Hilton. Inside her husband, Nicky Hilton, waited.

Now they were alone together. Completely alone for the first time in weeks. These two for whom there were such high hopes were strangers now. Formally, they faced each other across the long dining room table and Nicky might well have imagined that the traces of hurriedly removed makeup on his wife's face were stained by tears.

They talked in low tones, as though reporters were lurking behind the paneled walls. But there was no one to eavesdrop on the things they said. There was as much intimacy in their disenchantment as there had been in the first thrills of married love eight months before.

"Come back to me!"

There is a desolate hopelessness in those words. Nicky Hilton may doubt that he ever uttered them. Elizabeth will never say whether he did or not. The actual truth is that he said more than that. He talked to Elizabeth for hours as a man will when he knows he is losing the woman he really

A world apart

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS After eleven years of a marriage that supposedly was one of the most idyllic in Hollywood history, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor agreed to divorce.

Oddly enough, they decided to dissolve their union on the very same day that Shirley Temple and Charles Black decided to marry, nine days before Christmas of 1950. (*For the story of Shirley's marriage see page 52*).

The announcement by Barbara and Bob that their marriage had been a failure, that they could not go on living as they had in the past, that their only recourse was the divorce court, came as a shock to the entire screen colony.

As you probably know, the film colony doesn't shock easily. Last year for example, Frank and Nancy Sinatra, Evelyn Keyes, Kirk Douglas, Betty Hutton, Bette Davis, and half a dozen other noteworthy stars all decided to call off their marital ventures. No one seemed surprised at any of these. But the Stanwyck-Taylor admission that their marriage was no-go—that was a genuine shocker, because for a decade now Bob and Barbara have been pointed out as the perfect mates.

They were two mature people—not kids like Liz Taylor and Nicky Hilton. The Taylors knew the score. They went around with each other for two years before they eloped to San Diego in 1939. Each of them had ample time to learn everything they needed to know about the other.

What went wrong with this "perfect" marriage?

loves. It is as true of young Nicky Hilton as it has been of many men that by careless words and deeds he can reject a woman, and then want her terribly.

On the other hand, it is as true of Elizabeth Taylor as it is of many women that she can come to the time when, no matter how strong her love for a man is, she will no longer allow that love to be treated with disdain, beaten, run over for all the world to see.

There was a time when, swallowing her pride, Elizabeth could come back, warm and forgiving after a bitter quarrel. But now she was strong, even cold in her decision. As for Nicky, it seemed when he talked as though he were a gambler losing his life's stake. He reasoned feverishly, then humbly with his bride. (*Continued on page 101*)



Liz and Nicky's glamorous union ran its course in seven tempestuous months.

For 11 years, Bob and Barbara had set an example by their "perfect marriage."



The statement issued by Barbara and Bob says: "In the last few years, because of our professional requirements, we have been separated just too often and too long. Our sincere and continued efforts to maintain our marriage have failed. We are deeply disappointed that we could not solve our problems. We really tried. We unhappily and reluctantly admit what we have denied to even our closest friends, because we wanted to work things out together in as much privacy as possible. There will be a California divorce. Neither of us have any other romantic interest whatsoever."

That's the official statement—and for what it's worth, it was handed out to the press by Barbara's press agent, Helen Ferguson. (*Continued on page 88*)

two happy marriages

The romances were private; the weddings were simple. Shirley Temple became Mrs. Charles Black, and the unreal splendor of her childhood, the unfortunate interlude of her first marriage became memories . . . Ruth Roman became Mrs. Mort Hall, and her long struggle toward stardom, her battle against loneliness became memories, too. For each, this is a new beginning. Shirley leaves her legendary past; Ruth continues to build her career—both move forward alike in their security of love and understanding.

Now and forever

BY SUSAN TRENT Several years ago when Shirley Temple was making *Since You Went Away* with Claudette Colbert, both girls were discussing career versus marriage.

"A career," Claudette admitted, "is a very wonderful accomplishment—only you can't sit down beside it at breakfast."

Shirley has never forgotten those words. A few weeks ago when the time came for her to make her choice, she chose marriage without the slightest hesitation—marriage to Charles Black, the handsome, 30-year-old son of a San Francisco utilities company president.

The ceremony, Shirley's second, was in direct contrast to the Temple-Agar wedding of September, 1945.

This time Shirley was no longer a wide-eyed, innocent child taking part in a gigantic public spectacle; nor was she an American institution, the darling of 57 million movie fans, who called all the shots.

In wedding number two, publicity-shy, Charles Black was calling the shots.

A few days before Shirley and Charles were married in a simple ceremony, she was invited to attend the MODERN SCREEN party at Ciro's.

"I'd love to come," she said, "but Charles doesn't like publicity, and I want to do what he likes—so this time, please excuse me."

Even before then, everyone in Hollywood knew who would wear the pants in that family. A little while after he had come to Los Angeles to be near Shirley and had taken a job with TV station KTTV, Charles told a newspaper reporter:

"Look, I come from San Francisco, and up around there we don't believe in all this

A man of her own

BY JIM HENAGHAN The romance between Ruth Roman and Mortimer Hall began in New York City early last fall. Ruth, still flushed with the first glow of success, was on a jaunt East, sampling the café society life she hadn't been able to afford during her embryo days as an actress in Gotham. She was dining with a girl friend at the "21" Club. At her elbow, at the next table, a dark, handsome young man was eating alone. They laugh at it now, but Ruth admits that during her dinner she thought the attractive lad at the next table was having some sort of a fit. And the young man admits that he did just about everything but stand on his head to attract the movie star's attention.

Dinner was almost finished when a man stopped at Ruth Roman's table to say hello. Like an ambitious quarterback, who had just found a hole in a tough line, the man at the next table leaped to his feet, shook hands with the stranger and demanded an introduction.

"Ruth Roman, this is Mortimer Hall," said the visitor. And he excused himself and left, little realizing that he was a vagrant agent of Cupid.

Without an invitation, Morty Hall sat down and joined the girls. They sipped coffee while Morty wracked his brain trying to think of some way of prolonging his presence. He might have saved himself the trouble. As they were about to leave, Ruth turned to him.

"What are you doing tonight?" she said.

"I beg your pardon," said Morty.

"I've got a couple of tickets to a show.

rah-rah and publicity. We believe in a little privacy. If it's okay with you, just say I served in the Navy and let it go at that. The movie magazines have been after me to talk about my future with Shirley ever since I got here. I'm not talking to anyone. I give you my word."

Black kept his word, too. Eleven days after Shirley received her final divorce papers, this former Naval Intelligence officer and millionaire's son picked up his bride-to-be, sneaked out of Hollywood, and obtained a wedding license at Salinas, California.

He asked Superior Judge Henry Jorgenson to perform the marriage at his parents' white California ranch-style home on the Monterrey Peninsula. The Judge happily agreed, and at (*Continued on page 64*)



Her marriage to Charles Black on Dec. 16 marked the end of Shirley's screen career.

Ruth Roman surprised Hollywood by eloping with radio executive Mort Hall on Dec. 17.



Would you like to come see it with me?"

Morty Hall never did get his answer out but Ruth Roman knew he was trying to say yes. And so it happened that when Ruth Roman, former carnival girl, met Mortimer Hall, darling of Westport society, she took *him* to a show—and he loved it.

Less than six months later, they were married. The Associated Press Wire service handled the story in a very unexcited, matter of fact manner. "Dateline, Las Vegas, Nevada, December 17, 1950: Ruth Roman, Warner Brothers actress, today married Mortimer Hall, wealthy New Yorker, in a surprise elopement."

Of course, the newspapers expanded on this information considerably, but none of them told the real tale—the Cinderella story of a poor (*Continued on page 62*)



A fat cat snoozing

on a Montmartre bar . . .

neat Israeli farms . . .

the serenity of

the Holy City . . .

and the many, many

faces shining

with friendliness.



At St. Peter's Basilica, June Haver adds to her movie record of her pilgrimage to Rome and the near East.

This I Remember

by June Haver

■ This will be the audience in my heart from now on whenever I step in front of the camera:

The white-haired, delicately old monk weeping with joy at having finally reached the shores of the Sea of Galilee . . .

The young guide of Killarney whose farewell was, "Come back to Ireland and get yourself an Irish husband . . ."

The little French boy with his long loaf of bread whom I met on my way to early morning Mass in Paris' "wicked" Montmartre . . .

The bronzed girls and youths of Israel; the intense, dramatic people of Italy; my beloved Father Xavier of India; these and hundreds of others . . .

I don't think I'll ever say or sing another line in a picture, or dance a step, without wondering if they will like what I am doing, and whether it will help them know Hollywood and America better.

According to the dictionary a pilgrimage is "A long and weary journey . . ." Mine, which I took this winter to Rome and the Holy Land, was a joy, and even though I traveled by plane, I think I could have walked all the way and still come back as inspired as I am now.

My mood was such, in fact, that I refused to be disturbed, on my return, when I learned that some newspaper people had ascribed other reasons for the trip— that I had gone, as one columnist reported, to discuss entering a convent, or as another stated, to get a Church annulment of my former marriage. It was a little saddening that the simple truth did not occur to these writers; that I had gone for the same reason thousands of other Americans had—to know better the source of the peace and inspiration we had found in our faith. (*Continued on page 86*)



June traveled simply, made friends everywhere. Here she chats with an Arab policeman in Jerusalem.

hands off my heart



John Agar's in love all right . . . with his career, and the only girl in his life just now is Susie Agar, age three.

BY PATRICIA MONROE



John and Ruth Roman were a surprise twosome before she wed.

■ John Agar is doing just fine.

In a slow methodical way, which is characteristic of him, he has steadily ignored gossip, set each one of his goals slightly higher than the one before, and is hoisting himself gently up the glass mountain to Hollywood success.

"Next to my daughter, my career is the most important thing in my life," he says bluntly.

Maybe he says it a little bit too forcefully. Maybe there's an edge to his words. Maybe you get a feeling he's daring you to doubt. If so he has cause.

The night *Fort Apache* was previewed was a heart-breaker. It was his first picture. The sun had taken 62 hours to go down that day. In the afternoon someone had suggested golf as a sedative. Every ball he shot landed in the rough. Dinner tasted like mildewed sawdust and his seat in the theater wasn't built to hide a 6′2″ growing boy.

In the lobby some clabber-mouthed pseudo-critic pointed at him and said to his girl friend, "That's Agar. All those horse scenes were done by a double. The kid's got nothing but pretty blue eyes."

Those pretty blue eyes registered the poisoned crack, and turned to blue-black. His fists were clenched and his jaw looked like Fearless Fosdick's. But not one sound came from his tightened lips.

When John Ford asked him to play in *Fort Apache,* John admitted that he (*Continued on page 66*)

Right now John says his career comes first but he's never at a loss for beautiful companions like blonde Gloria De Haven.

I could take

what life dished out,

but taking it gracefully

was another matter.

First I had to learn

to accept myself . . .

No. 3 *in a series:*
HOW THE STARS FOUND FAITH

I FOUND MY WAY

by Bill Lundigan



Rena and Bill married in 1945 after he left the Marines. Bill's career got a new start in *Pinky;* now he's in 20th's *I'd Climb The Highest Mountain.*

■ How do you find your way?

When you are young you confidently take what you think is the right step and it is the first of a hundred wrong ones. You look ahead and with youthful arrogance peg yourself a high place in the world, and the time comes when the peg won't even stick in a low one.

I was to be a lawyer once. I was to be a radio somebody once. I was on the way to becoming an established actor once. And suddenly I found myself a soldier willing to settle for only one thing . . . that I wouldn't show fear and run in front of my buddies. Nothing else was as important, not even dying. It couldn't have been . . . or I would have run.

I believe that that was when I earnestly started to think about the "way," and it seemed to me that it was not a matter of the direction my life was taking but of my attitude toward it, regardless of direction, and sometimes even regardless of happening.

I remembered a rainy December night in San Diego when a Marine rookie sat in a convertible on a Christmas tree lot and cursed with misery because the top leaked a bit and some water was running down his neck. I was that Marine. The trees belonged to me and two other fellows in my outfit. We had bought them to make a killing (which we didn't) and every night one of us had to be on hand to watch things. Less than a year after that I was under enemy fire on the beach at Peleliu, with only fifteen feet of land behind me and all hell in front. But I was able to experience a thankful and happy moment. It came when I succeeded in digging (*Continued on page 99*)

JANE POWELL
CO-STARRING IN
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
Technicolor Musical
"ROYAL WEDDING"



"Be Lux Lovely," says Jane Powell









Here's the beauty care that guards her million-dollar skin

This radiant young star has a beauty tip for you. "My Lux Soap facials do wonders for the skin," says Jane Powell. "I just smooth on the rich lather and work it well in.

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"To dry I pat my face with a soft towel. I can always depend on this easy care for quick new beauty." *See what this Lux Soap care lovely screen stars recommend can do for you!*

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

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Kay Daumit's secret formula with LANOLIN. Jars and tubes, 27c to $2.

World's finest shampoo—a beauty creme-blend with LANOLIN

60

the loneliest man in town

OUTSIDERS SAY THE WORLD'S

■ Most Hollywood actors have a favorite hobby—talking about other actors.

Several weeks ago two gentlemen of the screen were avidly engaged in this hobby. They were dissecting Howard Duff.

"I really envy Duff," said the first actor, 'even though he has a face like a Sherman tank."

"This is no time for flattery," said the second lead. "Tell me more."

"Well," said the first actor. "Duff has a contract at Universal. He makes about a



His broken leg will disable Howard for a few months. Luckily he's already finished U.-I.'s *Shakedown*.

HIS OYSTER, BUT THEY DON'T KNOW HOW TOUGH IT IS FOR DUFF—WHO HAS TO OPEN IT ALONE • BY STEVE CRONIN

thousand bucks a week. He owns a Cadillac. He rents two houses, one in the hills and one down at the beach. He has all the dates he wants—Yvonne De Carlo, Ava Gardner, Gloria de Haven, Marta Toren, Piper Laurie and Ida Lupino. He's single and has no responsibilities. In short, the guy is leading the perfect life."

Oddly enough, this is the usual consensus of opinion concerning Duff. This, plus the impression that he is cold, virile, stoical, a man of few words, and in general the personification of Sam Spade, the private eye he has played on radio for four years.

This opinion is about as right as Stalin.

Howard Duff doesn't show it, but he's probably the loneliest man in town. He's a warm, kind-hearted guy who's put up a false front to protect himself, to cover up the scars on his heart.

This may sound overly-dramatic, but the truth is that Howard Duff has played hard at love and lost.

The two women he wanted most to marry: Ava Gardner, and another who will remain nameless because she is now happily married, both turned him down. Somehow their refusals caused such a deep hurt that Howard constructed a wall of stolidness to assuage it, a wall which hides the real Howard Duff from the world.

Of course, he doesn't like to talk about it, but six years ago when he was an Army sergeant in the Pacific, he received a "Dear John" letter from his "nameless" girl friend. In the letter she (*Continued on page 107*)

WOMEN Make Money THIS EASY WAY

and get your dresses without a penny of cost!



Here's a special opportunity for ambitious women who want to earn money during spare moments. Without previous experience you can make up to $23 a week with ease—just by taking orders for Fashion Frocks, and you don't invest a penny of your own. These stunning new creations are such unbeatable values, you simply can't stop women from ordering them! Amazing variety of styles, colors, weaves and patterns—more than you can find in a dozen dress shops. Famous fabrics that are soft, rich, enduring—the cream of the world's best mills. And, a complete range of sizes for every type of figure—Misses, Half-Sizes, Juniors and Stouts. You can coin money "hand over fist"—and besides, you get *dresses for your own personal use as a bonus, without paying a cent!*

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Fashion Frocks cost dollars less than similar garments sell for elsewhere—they are priced as low as $2.98! You start by taking orders from friends . . . they'll tell *their* friends. Soon you're making big money like Marie Patton, Illinois, who took in an average of $39 a week . . . or Mrs. Carl C. Birch, Maryland, who earned $36 a week . . . or Mrs. Claude Burnett, Alabama, who averaged $31.50 weekly.

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Our elaborate Free Presentation Folio contains over 125 original styles and swatches. Examine the beautiful, glorious styles and colors—feel the rich fabrics. You'll be proud to show them to your friends and neighbors. So don't lose a second. Fill out the coupon. Paste it on a postcard. *Mail coupon* right now—while you think of it.

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Yes—I am interested in your opportunity to make money in spare time and get my own dresses without a penny of cost. Send me everything I need to start right away, without obligation.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____

*Age*_____ *Dress Size*_____

a man of her own

(*Continued from page 53*) girl who rose to stardom without anyone's help, and then married one of the handsomest, richest young men in America.

And if the Cinderella legend sticks to the script, they will live a long and happy life together, although none of these things seemed likely in the beginning of Ruth's life.

RUTH Roman's first meeting with a movie actor was on the same casual level as her meeting with her present husband. She had just arrived in California. It had been a long trip West in a chair car, catching cat naps on a small pillow propped against a hard upright seat, because she didn't have any money to squander on a berth. She stepped from the Los Angeles Union Station into the bright California sunshine and with an extravagant gesture, employed a taxi driver to deliver her to a small hotel in the land of her dreams—Hollywood.

An hour later Ruth Roman, washed and refreshed, stepped into Hollywood Boulevard for the first time. There were so many sights to see, so many things to do. The first thing she wanted to do was find Grauman's Chinese Theater and stand in the cement footprints of some of her idols. She saw a tall, dark-haired young fellow leaning against a building and she asked for directions. The man grinned.

"You're new here, aren't you?" he asked.

"I won't be for long," she said.

Before telling her where Grauman's Chinese was, the young man spent fifteen minutes telling her what a waste of time the whole thing was, and elaborating on the flimsy character of fame. He confessed that he, too, was an actor, had been around for a little while and, at the present moment, didn't have the price of a cup of coffee.

Ruth bought coffee for both of them, then reached down into the hoard of $100 she had in her purse and loaned her new friend $5. The man said he would pay it back—someday.

Just before Ruth Roman married Mortimer Hall, she completed a picture called *Tomorrow Is Another Day.* Her co-star was Steve Cochran. He hasn't changed much from the day he first met Ruth, standing against the building on Hollywood Boulevard—but he does admit that he never gave her back the $5.

"When I saw her again," he said, "she didn't need it."

Both of these stories illustrate quite graphically the splendid character of Ruth Roman that has brought to her success in the movies and in love, for they show that she is without guile and that she meets all people and situations on an equal basis.

REGARDLESS of what you have read, the courting of Ruth Roman by Morty Hall was neither a casual nor a hasty matter. After the night at the theater, there was never a day that a dozen roses didn't arrive at her hotel room with his name on them. And when she went back to Hollywood, Morty kept the Western Union Flowers by Wire department well occupied with his business.

Some people say, and it might well be believed, that after two months of separation, it was Morty's love for Ruth that made him give up his job as Business Manager of the New York Post to take a position as an executive of his family's television station in Los Angeles. At any rate, Morty moved to the coast and set about making something permanent of their relationship. Some of the columnists

said he was doing fine from the very beginning, but it can be told now that this was not so; that not until a couple of hours before they got into an automobile to drive to Las Vegas to be married was Ruth Roman sure she wanted to take him for a husband.

A MODERN SCREEN reporter talked to them both at that time, checking a rumor that there was a possible marriage coming up. Morty had one thing to say and he said it often.

"I want to get married."

Ruth wasn't sure and it was a confirmed fact when the reporter hung up, that there would be no wedding in the near future.

A couple of hours later a Warner Bros. publicity man in Hollywood telephoned Wilbur Clark, host at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas.

"Dust off the bridal suite, Wilbur," he said, "cool the champagne, and wake up a judge. We're going to have a wedding."

Clark, who is used to such assignments, made all the arrangements and at 3:45 A.M. Ruth Roman and Mortimer Hall arrived for the ceremony. Sleepy-eyed and tired from the long drive, they were led to the courthouse, where they picked up the license. They sat around for an hour while someone was dispatched for the Judge and then in the quiet of the Nevada dawn, Ruth and Morty became man and wife.

Eight hours later, and without a honeymoon, Ruth was back at Warner Bros. working in *Strangers On A Train.* An actor, late to arrive on the set, when informed of the speedy marriage, said, quite appropriately. "They ought to change the title of this picture to 'Lovers On A Rocket.'"

It's a pretty stock story when you read it back, but this marriage has something very different about it. It's not the standard union of a movie star and a rich man, but the blending of two lives which appear to be very different but which are alike in one respect. They have both had a double share of loneliness.

RUTH ROMAN wasn't an orphan but she was very close to it. A nagging desire to get out into the world and make a name for herself far away from the rather unhappy world of the carnival in which she had been raised, made her leave her family at a very early age. At a time in her life when most girls are enjoying the leisure pleasures of adolescence, and high school courses are the biggest problems of the day, Ruth Roman was trudging the cold wet streets of New York, hungry and often without a bed.

When most girls of her age were indulging in the casual, exploratory romances of youth, looking for an eventual mate, Ruth was sitting in agents' offices looking for a job that would raise her social and financial status. It was a hard, lonely existence, with not too much possibility of a rosy future, but Ruth stuck it out.

The stories that you've heard about her rise to stardom in Hollywood the hard way are in her case not phony—but as true and as difficult as you've been led to believe. It was no wonder, then, that you seldom read about Ruth, the star, having the flighty romances most women stars seem addicted to. There were rumors for a long while that she was married to Bill Walsh, her constant companion, and few people believed her when she said that he was just her good friend. A thorough look back through the record of her career in pictures will disclose the fact that she never had or pretended to have a romance before Morty Hall.

Mortimer Hall, on the other hand, was the son of a very rich woman, Mrs. Dorothy Schiff, the owner of the New York Post. His father, separated from his mother, was a stockbroker, and Morty didn't have very much family life either. He attended several of the better prep schools, enrolled at Carnegie Tech and then was snatched up by the Army. As he tells it, the Army life was lonely, too—until one day on a furlough, he met a Conover model named Mary Ann Parker. They were married shortly after that, and rumor has it that it was against the wishes of his family.

In Mary Ann Parker, Morty Hall might have found the home and companionship he sought in his youth. But tragedy struck. Mary Ann Hall went on a routine visit to a New York dentist. She was given an injection of a very common pain killer to which, without her knowledge, she was acutely allergic—and she died in the dentist's chair.

For the next four years Morty Hall lived a rather vagabond life. It is to be said to his credit that he didn't drift into the sad status of the dilettante idle rich, but worked at many kinds of employment and earned his own keep. But he was known as a solitary lad, not too much interested in girls and definitely not the marrying type. In 1948 and part of 1949, Morty lived in Hollywood and was seen constantly with Lizabeth Scott. Many reporters covering movietown were sure they would be married, but Morty's pals didn't think so.

Tiring of Hollywood and its tinsel glamor, Morty returned to New York in 1949 to go to work as Business Manager on his mother's newspaper. He had made up his mind to make newspapering his career and keep away from Hollywood for good. That was before he met Ruth Roman.

When U.P.'s Virginia MacPherson asked Shelley Winters whether she wanted to get married, Shelley replied, "Sometimes I think I do—other times I just think I think I do."

In these two lives there is a great similarity. In the way Ruth Roman waited for her man—and in the way Morty Hall waited for his girl; in the way Ruth Roman trudged the streets of New York and lived in the backyard of Hollywood, a lonely woman—and the way Morty Hall worked at menial jobs to find his place in life, there is a story that would require little changing to make them both the same tale. It is the story of the young person looking for his home, not knowing the address, but believing it is there to be found some day if the search is not abandoned.

Today, Mortimer and Ruth Hall, he a young business executive, she a top movie star, are making adjustments that will give them both their dreams. Ruth has given up the house she decorated herself in the San Fernando Valley and has moved into Beverly Hills where Morty lives, high above the Sunset Strip, above the lights that shine in the streets of Hollywood.

"I'm not going to have anything to do with the movie business, or Ruth's work," Hall told MODERN SCREEN. "It will just be coincident in our lives that Ruth is a movie star."

"And I'm going to be an actress from nine to five," Ruth told MODERN SCREEN. "When I come home at night, I'm just going to be Mrs. Hall. The girl who can cook the best pies in the block."

And you can bet it is going to be so. They will be one family that will not fall easy prey to the hidden pitfalls of Hollywood, for they are tried and steeled people, both sure of what they want—and both complete now because they found each other and their present happiness the hard way.

THE END



Since Cleopatra's time, history's beauties have glamorized their hair with pure Egyptian Henna—the finest hair coloring obtainable. You can be a ravishing redhead too, with . . .

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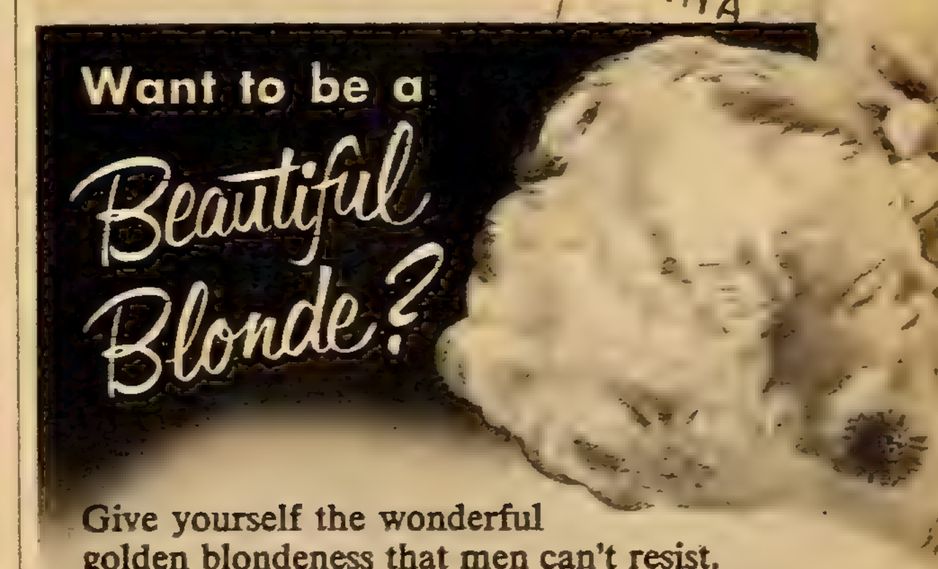
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now and forever

(*Continued from page 53*) 4:30 P.M. the next afternoon, the 22-year-old actress who had grown from a dimpled cherub into a beautiful woman, stood before a fireplace bedecked with pine boughs and flowers. She was dressed in a gray suit and matching hat as she promised softly to "love, honor, and cherish" Charles Black.

Present at the ceremony were Shirley's parents, her brother Jack and his wife, the bridegroom's parents, and his brother James, Jr., with his wife and three children.

After the ceremony, when Shirley and Charles had driven off on their honeymoon—which they spent in Monterrey—Judge Jorgenson said, "In my 23 years of marrying people I've never seen a happier couple. That marriage should last forever."

Shirley's secretary, Mrs. Earl Drake, said, "This time I think she's going to be really happy."

Back in Hollywood when he heard of the marriage, actor John Agar, Shirley's first husband, said gallantly, "I hope her marriage will be very happy. I don't know what else I could say."

Of course, if he'd wanted to, Jack Agar might have said a good deal. He might have talked about Shirley's hopes and dreams, because he knew them all—the ones that came true and the ones that never did, largely because Shirley and Jack were mis-mated from the beginning, and unprepared for marriage.

WHEN Shirley divorced Jack and went to Honolulu with little Linda Sue last year, she realized that. Basically, Shirley is a sensible young woman with all the right instincts, and while she may have blamed Agar for his inconsideration at times, she knew in her heart that so long as she remained a prominent actress, any man she might marry would have to take a back seat to her. She knew that by doing this his vanity would be hurt and he would compensate for that hurt.

After her divorce Shirley knew, and knows now that if her marriage is to be lasting, she must give up her acting career. This she is fully prepared to do. "I've made pictures long enough," Shirley said at her one recent press conference. "Nineteen of my 22 years were spent that way—that's enough career for any girl. I want to be free now to go where Charles goes. My little girl needs me. In fact, she needs a lot of both of us."

"This doesn't mean that marriage and movies don't mix," added Charles, in a rare statement to the press. "It's just that in our case, we've decided that this is the best way."

Charles Black isn't the type of man who'll give up his job in order to follow his wife on location, nor will he permit himself the luxury of becoming a mere consort. From here on in, Shirley Temple will be a wife and mother only.

Aside from one special press conference at which they made the above remarks, Charles keeps the press at bay. During their honeymoon, reporters spotted Black's convertible parked outside a seafood restaurant on the Monterrey waterfront. They waited for Shirley and her groom to finish their 3:00 P.M. "breakfast" of bacon and eggs, cracked crab and seafood cocktails, and approached them as they came out of the restaurant.

"Give us a statement, any kind of a statement," the reporters said.

Black stepped in front of Shirley and said, "Sorry, no statement."

Shirley smiled, but following her husband's lead, she, too, refused to say anything.

Earlier last year when she and Black began going together steadily, and everyone predicted the inevitable marriage, it was Black who said that he didn't particularly like night clubs. As a matter of fact, neither does Shirley, although she used to go along to keep John Agar company. Last year, however, she came right out and said, "Charles and I have a pact not to appear in night spots. He just doesn't like them."

Shirley also had an agreement with Charles not to announce their engagement until after she had received her final divorce. During the one-year waiting period she dated no one but Black and said over and over again, "Charles and I want no publicity about our romance." And no matter how long and hard most reporters tried, Shirley would not talk about Charles Black.

Of course, they never did announce their engagement; they just went out and got married. The reason for that is Black's membership in the Naval Reserve. He may be called at any time, and it was only natural that he and Shirley should want to spend as much time together as possible.

Black never speaks about it, but he pulled some heroic duty in the Navy both aboard PT boats and landing on enemy islands to radio intelligence reports back to the fleet.

A friend who knows him well says, "He's a shrewd, intelligent guy who's been around. He's well-educated, more so than Temple—money means very little to him because he's been around it most of his life. He gets along very well with people. He's independent and self-reliant, and I can assure you he's not going to deteriorate into the typical Hollywood husband.

"I understand that Selznick offered to re-make Shirley into a dramatic actress like Jennifer Jones—you know, send her abroad and have a European coach give her a new dramatic personality and a whole new career. You've got to hand it to Shirley. She said no, and I don't blame her. Black is a much better bet. Besides, she had a successful career, and it's a wise girl who knows when to call it quits.

"Matter of fact, Shirley should have quit after she married Agar. She was at the peak of her popularity then, and she should've retired as the undefeated champion. Instead, she pulled a Joe Louis. Under Black's tutelage she's become a whole lot smarter."

Under Black's sponsorship, Shirley is also selling her home and that of her parents. Both houses occupy the same large estate. Black refuses to move into a home which Shirley owns and paid for.

No matter what the professional women say, and even if there are a few exceptions—Shirley Temple thinks that a career and marriage do not mix . . especially in Hollywood. THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Betty Hutton was recently visiting the Michigan State Fair, I noticed a man taking movies of her. Right near the end of her last song, she ran down while singing and planted a kiss on his astounded face. The crowd loved it.

Betty Lewis
Birmingham, Michigan



Spending a birthday check can be a problem...

THE NOTE with Dad's check said, "No fair spending this on dull things—buy something you *really* want."

But spending money's a *problem* when you want so *much*—everything from dancing lessons to another place setting of beautiful International Sterling!

So I wrote out the things I yearned for most, *including* cost and length of life.

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International Sterling

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hands off my heart

(*Continued from page* 56) hadn't been on a horse since he was 10.

"You hold yourself fine, boy," Mr. Ford had told him. This was after Ford had squads-righted, squads-lefted John up and down his office. "We start shooting in a month."

John rushed home, excitement locked in him. As he placed a long distance call to Texas, he tried to rescue some logic from his whirling thoughts.

"Hello, hello, Uncle Ted?" he screamed into the phone.

"What's the matter, Jack?"

John felt like a dope. He tried again—*sotto voce*. "Uncle Ted, I've just been given a role in a motion picture," he explained quietly.

"Fine," Uncle Ted shouted.

"I'm supposed to play a cavalryman, and I haven't ridden in years."

"Learn bareback."

One month later John Agar could jump, gallop, walk, rein-in, or stumble anything on four legs. To test his ability John entered a local rodeo in San Fernando Valley. No medals, but a pro invited him to bust broncos in Cheyenne.

"I'd learn to be a human fly if John Ford asked me," John insists. And that unqualified adoration is his tribute to the man who gave him his first break.

No highly skilled, highly paid stunt man rode the length of Monument Valley at full gallop in *Fort Apache*. The rider was paid, but he was John Agar.

INTENSITY and sincerity are the two qualities John brings to everything. His face is impassive when taking direction. Then, in an instant, it breaks into a boyish, shy smile. Directors have wondered how a kid can absorb so many details.

But any faith placed in John is rewarded with interest. The minute he starts his job, the "kid" vanishes and the man takes over. It's his genuine likeableness and liking for the things he does that's endearing. Any of his boyhood pals could have prophesied the kind of man he'd be.

"He could charm the math prof out of homework. But he'd make the coach pour on training," one of them recalls. "Yeah, I got awful grades," John wryly admits. "But I was pretty good at sports."

At Pawling Preparatory School in New York, his alma mater, "pretty good" was spelled BMOC. He not only played varsity football and basketball, but he was a five-event man in track, broadjump, discus, hammer throw, highjump and shot put.

The same kind of modesty won him unspoken praise from the cast of *The Magic Carpet*, his most recent picture.

It was one of those melodramatic, death-defying wall escapes. A stunt man, dressed in John's flaming red costume, was supposed to scale a 20-foot stone barricade on a rope tied to a white stallion.

Almost imperceptibly the cast became aware that John himself was starting up the rope. Tense clusters of harem girls, grimy electricians and burnoosed horsemen watched and wondered. Director Lou Landers tried to relax in his chair, but finally he too was caught up in the spell. Oblivious that his ascent was being observed John competently moved, hand-over-hand to the ledge until Landers, in relief, shouted "Cut!"

John didn't know why one of the grips offered him a prized baked potato when he got off the ledge. This is an honor accorded few actors. The perforated metal frames which surround the 1000-watt bulbs lighting a set get so hot that the crews bake potatoes on top of them. These spuds are reserved for them that works.

No one John has worked with fails to enjoy his company. He mixes easily. Yet there's an aloneness about him. He is hard to really get near. A clue to his fierce independence slipped out once. It was an unguarded moment at a party. Hollywood's young set had gathered for a few laughs. Jack was sitting in the corner, as usual. He wasn't saying much, as usual.

"Agar, you're nothing but a jumbo sponge," one of the fellows growled.

John grinned. "You can't learn from talking," he drawled back. "So I just listen."

As the evening mellowed so did the party. Nostalgia replaced the wisecracks. Even John came down with the fever.

"When I was a kid I had only one ambition. To grow up!" The words sounded unnecessarily defensive. Everyone was a little surprised. They'd thought John's sole and unswerving aim was to be a meat packer, like his dad. Besides, who would want to outgrow the perfect childhood John had?

SPRAWLING Lake Forest, Illinois, was a made-to-order playground for a small boy's imaginative pranks. The big, bearish house John lived in creaked with the laughter and living of his sister, two brothers and his mother and father. Love oozed out of the clapboard shutters. Four generations of Agars had made their living at meat packing. A generous living, which had nurtured such by-products as security, freedom to choose any kind of life and a name which fostered respect.

Nobody took a more loving pride in all this than John, the oldest boy. With it, though, John also inherited an out-size sense of responsibility.

On the day his father died—John was 14—his world caved in. With Ping Pong, his red chow, he scuffed into the house after the funeral. As he entered his very own den John released all the tears he'd had to check for his mother's sake.

Once before he had been in tears, but for a different reason.

It was on his 12th birthday. In the morning he'd lain in bed visualizing all his gifts. Then he'd squirmed and turned over because that happy feeling was too good in such a lump. Now his golden day was turning into a nightmare. No "Happy Birthday" shouts. No fake spankings and real hugs and kisses. And no presents!

Jack dawdled his way downstairs. The breakfast table was set, but no family. "Hey," he called out. "Hey yourself," his dad echoed. Jack traced the voice to the cellar.

He opened the door and a chorus of Agars started chirping "Happy Birthday to you." Jack let out an animal yowl of sheer joy. The entire cellar had been converted into a game room. Knotty pine paneling covered the cement walls. A new gun case held his rifles, from the first BB-gun to his latest Remington. A dart board, archery target and his beloved golf clubs rested in each corner.

"Hope you like it son," his father said.

In the center of the room a small four-legged object, wearing a red fur coat yapped for attention. John gathered him up in his arms. "What's his name, Dad?"

"You name him."

"Ping. Here Ping," John said almost immediately.

And now Ping, his father's gift of two years before shared his misery. Ping, mute and loving heard the vows Jack made. To be the "man of the family." To provide for his mom and the kids. To make them as proud of him as they had been of Dad.

BUT at 14 you're more child than man. That's why John wished to grow up more than anything else. He felt he had to. Unfortunately, growing up on the outside isn't much good without growing up inside. Inside growth turns into maturity. And maturity takes experiences and an honest evaluation of your failings. Both of these are riding herd on John Agar. And he likes his riding companions.

John has never accepted any job without integrity and a monumental will to succeed. If his marriage broke up there was a reason. What the cynics can't accept is an unpretentious fact. A simple old-fashioned trait known as "being a gentleman." John is a gentleman. And gentlemen don't talk.

But John is beginning to achieve that maturity he pleaded with God for.

Up until his marriage to Shirley Temple, his family and friends bestowed love and approval on him. He was rich with them. After the marriage a world-full of filmgoers gifted him with their friendship. By now he was a millionaire, with a fortune of good will.

Divorce might have turned him into a pauper. After all, being rejected by an unseen jury isn't easy on the ego. Particularly in Hollywood. And it was in Hollywood he decided to fight it out.

He wanted a movie career. He wanted to make the name "Agar" as respected in his new neighborhood as it has been in Chicago. He had to learn a new set of rules. And he had to learn fast—before the slight dent he'd made in pictures was washed out by a torrent of vicious gossip.

But John refuses to be washed out.

bulletin on modern screen's big contest

Thousands of letters have poured in telling why MODERN SCREEN readers would like a visit from Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie. Now the results are being tabulated, and more than 180 winners selected by the board of judges: Leonard Goldstein and the editors of MODERN SCREEN. Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie are thrilled with the response. Tony is so impressed that he has been granted permission to visit three more writers of prize-winning letters. The top winners will be announced next month.

over $6500 in prizes!

1st prize

A visit in your home
by Piper Laurie and Tony Curtis
plus
A special premiere of Universal-International's **The Prince Who Was A Thief**
in your neighborhood theater
plus
$1000 Government Bond

2nd prize

$500 Government Bond

3rd prize

$250 Government Bond

178 additional prizes

Watch for next month's issue with the announcement of the top winners, plus the time and place of the gala premiere of Universal-International's **The Prince Who Was A Thief.**

"I don't feel anyone has intentionally misunderstood me," he says simply.

With courage and common sense John has sifted out his fundamental needs from the superficial. First of all he moved back with his mother in Beverly Hills. Her love and approval came unstinted to help heal the bitter reality of divorce.

He increased his dramatic lessons, and his screen performances have mirrored his growth as an actor.

Hollywood is the biggest adjustment John will ever face in his life. Not just the business of making pictures. The part of Hollywood that bothers him is the gnawing, gossiping part that feeds off the private lives of its stars.

"Hollywood is like any other kind of business," he says, "you have to learn. You have to work hard. And you can't run the business until you understand it.

"Everyone asks me if I have any opinions . . . about acting, about directing, about scripts. I haven't any opinions. I just don't know enough yet." But he's learning something new every minute.

Recently he was posing for some stills on his latest picture, *The Magic Carpet.* He had his face against the magnificent white horse he rides in the film when suddenly the horse reared.

John grabbed the reins and sank his heels into the ground. As the horse came down it neighed and tried to shake its head from John's grasp.

"Get that shot," John shouted at the cameraman as he struggled with the rebellious white steed.

"Whaddaya mean, get that shot?" screamed the photographer who had dived behind a wood platform.

Directors find John a refreshing oasis of flexibility. This doesn't mean Jack is a goody-goody boy. He's a rebel at heart. But he knows when to rebel.

ABOUT the most painful thing John has to face is talking about himself. "I'm so dull. I can't even stand to hear myself on the screen."

Information about his tastes, or his plans or his date last night is yielded only under the threat, "It's good for your career."

He grits his teeth, holds his breath and tries. "I like women," he manages to say.

"What about your date with Ruth Roman before she married?"

"Well what about it?" he slings back. "We had dinner and went to a movie." Then suddenly he remembers the dinner, and his face opens up a little bit. "We had a swell spaghetti dinner. I sure like spaghetti."

Some insight into the depth of his feelings can be gleaned when he talks about his baby daughter.

"Susie is really special." And when John says this all the determined steely lines around his eyes soften out. His face takes on a look of wonderment that this sweet child belongs to him. There's a hint of fear—fear for her future in his words.

"I want Susie to have all the chance in the world to be whatever she likes. I hope she'll wait until she's grown up before making her choice. And I know Shirley feels the same way about it.

"You know, my collie Lannie lives with Susie."

And in that ordinary fact John's love is illumined. Dogs, or any kind of animal, are pretty important in his life. A part of him still feels like that puppy Ping, playful and carefree. And Lannie, too, satisfies the everlasting wish to return to childhood. Giving Lannie to Susie was like giving her the most important gift he could tender—part of himself.

And giving of yourself is really being grown-up. THE END

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miami previews warm weather fashions

mercedes mc cambridge wears red

■ Mercedes McCambridge, soon to be seen as star of MGM's "Inside Straight," faces the summer season in an outfit that is a true red red. The sculptured blouse, zipper controlled, has a minimum of arm coverage for daytime—evenings, push the straps off shoulder. In Fabricana's broadcloth in red, navy, green, black or white. $4.98.

The swirling stepladder print skirt is in Cohama's woven waffle pique in colors to match the blouse. $7.98. Both blouse and skirt in sizes 9-15.

JAY ORIGINALS BY MEL WARSHAW OF MIAMI.

Shoes by Mademoiselle

White jewelry by Karu.

THIS MIAMI-MADE FASHION MAY BE PURCHASED IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM BURDINES, MIAMI 30, FLORIDA. FOR HOW TO ORDER SEE PAGE 75.

modern
screen
fashions



Flats and Pumps by Mademoiselle
Jewelry by Karu

GOING PROSPECTING? OR BICYCLING?

Or just aiming to look trig? Here are the works, in a three piece, double breasted ensemble. A jackety top with a double sailor collar (one comes away for laundering) $8.98. A twice pocketed skirt, $10.98. The snappy cuffed shorts, pleated for action, $5.98. Fabric: Celanese prospector Town and Country. In coral with white, navy with white, white with navy. Sizes 9-15. MISS MIAMI BY MYRON WARSAW OF MIAMI.

THE MIAMI MADE FASHIONS ON THESE PAGES MAY BE PURCHASED IN PERSON OR

MIAMI MAKES HEADLINES IN FASHION



SHIP AHOY! SAILOR GIRL!

The Navy has been invaded and up comes the trim details from a sailor's uniform. A two piecer with a sleeveless middy, white bound and laced—the nautical collar, deep and squared. A pouffed out pocket makes a triangle at the side of the wide flared skirt. In pique, white with navy; navy with white. Sizes 10-16. $8.98.

BEST MODE SPORTSWEAR OF MIAMI

ORDERED BY MAIL FROM BURDINES, MIAMI 30, FLORIDA. FOR HOW TO ORDER, SEE PAGE 75



White cotton lace pumps by Mademoiselle

MIAMI MAKES HEADLINES IN FASHIONS

A beau catcher and an eye stopper. Six grosgrain bows, each adjustable, slice across the provocative shoulder line of a dancy cotton frock. A neckline that is just low enough and a skirt that is just full enough. In Pima broadcloth and WASHABLE. The exciting colors are purple, black, tangerine, navy, cypress green with white bows; or powder blue, pink, lime bittersweet with navy grosgrain bows. Sizes 10-18; 9-15; 14½-22½. $12.95. BUNNY'S CASUALS OF MIAMI

The news is in the oblique closing. Velveteen buttons begin at top side and continue on the slant all the way down to the hem. The combination of cotton and velveteen is a fresh idea too—and when the cotton is Peter Pan's Glasboro woven houndstooth check, that's good! There is a velveteen belt to match the buttons and a sailor collar to blow. In black, green or red with white. Sizes 9-15. $14.95. LINDA LEE BY B. S. KAHN OF MIAMI

THE MIAMI MADE FASHIONS ON THESE PAGES MAY BE PURCHASED IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM BURDINES, MIAMI 30, FLORIDA. FOR HOW TO ORDER SEE PAGE 75



MIAMI MAKES HEADLINES IN FASHION

The Footsie Coat—"This little pig went to market" . . . a new way to amuse you and your child. Corduroy feet are appliqued on the back, front and pocket of a shortie terry cloth coat. Not only for beach wear, but a handy one to use in the bedroom or around the house. Misses' sizes 10-18. $8.98. Children's $5.98. Girls' $6.98. Teens' $7.98. All in small, medium or large. Giant size matching terry cloth towel, also with appliqued feet $3.98. In white or light blue with red feet, or yellow with blue feet.



THE ORIGINAL FOOTSIE COAT BY SHORELAND DRESS CORP. OF MIAMI. THIS MIAMI-MADE FASHION MAY BE PURCHASED IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM BURDINES, MIAMI 30, FLORIDA. FOR HOW TO ORDER SEE PAGE 75

miami previews warm weather fashions

bobbie fog, fashion editor

■ Florida has been long known as the land of sunshine—the place to go for that long awaited vacation, whether it is for a winter warm-up or a gay few weeks in the summer. When you think of Florida, naturally the first place that jumps to mind is Miami, where the palm trees grow, where beauty abounds, where there is an abundance of sunshine and fun all year round.

With all of this wonderful atmosphere and superb weather, what could be a more natural place to design and manufacture the very clothes that are to be worn all around the country.

The Miami Fashion Council had this very idea and decided to make Miami even more famous, this time as a part of the country known as the home of top fashions for all occasions. Here in a sun drenched spot, fabrics are studied—everyone is interested in those materials used to make clothes attractive, unweighty and, of course, packable. Colors are judged and selected for affinity with the sun and the sky, for the least possibility of fading. And fashion! Fashion is evident in every spanking new detail.

Prices are the usual bugaboo—but these too have been kept to the minimum by Burdines.

The colorful creations by members of the Miami Fashion Council in this issue are so great that we want you to have a sneak preview of what the season has in store for you. It's all bright and pretty and balmy.

how to order modern screen fashions by mail

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Jonathan Logan



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A fluffy-light, greaseless base



If your skin looks "made-up" . . . older . . . under a *heavy* foundation—you'll thrill to the soft flattery of this *different* base! It's made to take powder flawlessly *without* "caking"! Before powder, smooth on a *light* touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream. See it disappear, leaving no trace of oily shine. No streaking . . . no shade problem. This sheer, greaseless cream leaves only a transparent film that protects your skin . . . *holds* your powder!

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Tonight—*dissolve* the marks of winter from your skin . . . *re-style* your complexion with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Swathe your whole face—except eyes—with a lavish Mask of the snow-cool Cream. Its "keratolytic" action loosens and dissolves off chapped flakiness roughed up by wintry winds. Leave Mask on 1 minute—then tissue off. Now—how soft and clear and springtime *fresh* your skin looks—and how divinely it takes and holds make-up!





La Comtesse de la Falaise

"For a completely natural make-up, I find Pond's Vanishing Cream a *perfect* powder base," says the Comtesse Alain de la Falaise.

hour of darkness

(*Continued from page 19*) immediately after hospital admittance a stricture in his left arm passed quickly. A crick in his neck was diagnosed as inflamed tonsils, and his response to treatment quickly cleared it.

As Norma's visits to the ward identified her to her child's roommates, she soon became friendly with them, and familiar with the twenty-four hour ward activity. The air of efficiency was reassuring—as was the look on Billy's face.

He shared his games and cut-outs with his new companions, and soon he was his cheerful self, carrying on conversations across the room. A few days before he left the hospital he turned to his mother with a happy, "Mommie, please bring us some good flowers to smell."

His treatment, identical to others in his ward, was patiently applied. Hot packs, massage, and his quick response made it possible for his speedy release.

THE Lancasters' home, undergoing expansion during Billy's illness, pleased him immensely. Norma had a day bed placed in front of the living room fireplace, and here each morning a therapist massages him. Soon he was given muscle exercise in a heated swimming pool.

Billy gleefully examined his special bed, but reserved his delight for the evening of Friday, November 17th. "Mommie," he laughed then, "I know what day it is!" As the dinner hour drew near, the Lancasters gathered with more in their hearts than a simple birthday celebration.

Burt set the hearth ablaze and the Lancaster clan soon arrived. Grandad, Burt's father, Aunt Ruth, Burt's acrobat partner, Nick Cravat and Mrs. Cravat, Susan and Jimmy. Billy's eyes grew as the buffet table was set before his living room window, and he demanded the candles be lit immediately.

Swinging around his bed with glee, he grinned delightedly as a profusion of gaily colored wrappings and ribbons was brought to him. Within a matter of minutes Billy ordered "Daddy" to help him, and out tumbled puzzles, musical circuses, Sheriff's badges, Hopalong Cassidy guns and holsters, blocks, puppets, and the largest gift of all, his daddy's giant-sized clown which reached above his three-year-old head.

Throughout the simple yet gay celebration, Norma moved with platters of shrimps and ham and milk, and in the center of the rug Burt sat helping his son Jimmy put a puzzle together. Tiny Susan ran gaily from one celebrant to another, and occasionally stepped up to Billy's bed and patted his legs.

Jimmy in amazing childish pretense, firmly ignored his brother's bed. But soon Burt and Norma were quietly smiling as they noticed Jimmy's inquisitive glances towards the out-of-place bed, and then his darting to his brother's side to pat his leg before quickly returning to his puzzle.

Though Bill's leg is still slightly paralyzed, no emphasis is made on his illness. His love of high proteins makes feeding him quite simple. Billy celebrated his birthday with gusto. As dinner plates were cleared Norma, with a gentle happiness, scurried into the kitchen, and Burt lifted his son to his arms as they walked to meet a birthday cake ablaze with three giant candles.

His eyes aglow with excitement, Billy took his father's hand, looked quickly around the room, and chuckled, "Mommie, it's just like it's Christmas all the time."

THE END



VACATION COTTONS

MONICA LEWIS, singing star of M.G.M.'s "Excuse My Dust," realizes the wisdom of buying summer clothes early. The selection is best and you don't have to fight your way through the crowds. Here she appears in an any-time-of-the-day dress of imported Egyptian pima cotton. A classic shirtwaist top, semi-circular skirt of generous proportions corded for decoration. In navy, gold, pink, turquoise or green. Sizes 10-18. $14.95
By Henry Rosenfeld

BUY IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM BURDINES, MIAMI 30, FLORIDA. FOR HOW TO ORDER SEE PAGE 75

Mademoiselle shoes



VACATION COTTONS

Monica Lewis models a creation that is as versatile as anything can be. A dress and a jacket that can be worn inside out. One side is a solid color, reverse it and there is a dainty print on a white background. With this brain storm of an ensemble it is possible to make six changes. Another thing to remember, no slip is necessary—the double layers of material and the boned bodice take care of that. The big feature—the price, about $9. In Cheshire cotton, navy, red, green or rust with matching prints. Sizes 9-15.

By Junior Clique



shoes by Mademoiselle

BUY IN PERSON OR ORDER BY MAIL FROM BURDINES, MIAMI 30, FLORIDA; STERN BROS., NEW YORK CITY.

one-woman man

(*Continued from page 39*) more influence, more contacts, and yet she dates me.

"It's always been that way between the two of us ever since the beginning, and that's why I'm the happiest guy in the world. I don't have to play the field. If I want to date a pretty girl, I have Janet for beauty. If I want to discuss some acting problems, I have Janet to give me advice. If I want to go out dancing, I have Janet who dances like an angel.

"Why should I play the field? For publicity's sake? It's taken me three years to find it out, but the guy who gave me that advice about not going steady is all wet. At least as far as I'm concerned."

When Tony looks back nowadays on his first two years in Hollywood he's a little chagrined about his conduct and feelings and suspicions. He tells you frankly that he was probably all wrong about Geraldine and Farley, that they were just being friendly towards each other. But it's easy to understand the thought process of a young fellow who comes to Hollywood, dates the prettiest girls, imagines they're genuinely fond of him, and then wakes up one morning to discover that he's been duped.

Tony's realization that one good girl is better than a dozen ambition-ridden women has been part of his growing up.

No one understands that better than Janet Leigh. "We all go through the stages Tony underwent," she says. "I did myself. You have a lot of dates and they make you feel like the belle of the ball, and then suddenly you wake up and realize that it's all been pretty shallow and that the only meaning in life lies in a deep human relationship. That's why I've gone with one boy at a time. People are pretty complex and involved and it takes a long time to know them. You just can't have a variety of dates and ever wind up with a good, solid friend. In short, when it comes to dates, quality is much more important than quantity.

"Tony has found that out and so have I. That's why I'm a one-man woman, and he's a one-woman man." THE END

(*You'll see Tony soon in U-I's* The Prince Who Was A Thief. *Janet Leigh's at work on MGM's* It's A Big Country.)



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Since Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart are mum on their romantic status, we've taken to doing a little quiet sleuthing on our own hook and have one clue to report. Olivia is patronizing a well-known Boulevard tailor, and has ordered two dashing aviatrix outfits. Though Jimmy has been "grounded" by studio orders until his current picture is completed, he's planning on taking off for Mexico City the moment the ban is lifted. We haven't caught Olivia boning up on Spanish—but quien sabe?—*August, 1940, Modern Screen.*



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tell it to joan

by joan evans

You underweight? Here's a diet I'd love to follow if I were in your shoes.

BEFORE I start on the big problem this month I want to tell all you kids how grateful I am for the way you defended me against "R. H." She was the girl from Billings, Montana, who wrote that I was "a stuck-up, painted-up doll who couldn't act." She said I didn't have "the guts" to print her letter.

Well, I'm not a very sentimental person, but I got real sentimental when so many of you wrote in to cheer me up. From J. B., Detroit, Mich., "I think that person is very rude to write such a letter to such a nice girl." From B. J., Gloucester, Mass., "Please don't let that letter from R. H. upset you. There are twelve girls in my gang who think the way you answered was wonderful." From T. R., Butte, Montana, "Please don't think that all people from Montana are rude. R. H. is a disgrace to us teenagers." From J. K., New York City, "I never wrote to a magazine before and I haven't any problem but that letter from R. H. got me so mad that I had to tell you not to worry. She is just jealous."

I could go on and on. I'm sorry I can't quote all the letters. But, believe me, I appreciate every one. And from the bottom of my heart I say a very sincere, "Thank you."

In the December issue of MODERN SCREEN I have a couple of diets to take off weight. A lot of kids wrote in to tell me that they worked. I'm going to re-print the reducing diets at the end of this column. But in the meantime, I've had letters from a lot of girls who want to put on weight.

As I've told you before, when I'm stuck with a problem I consult someone wiser than I am. So, when I discovered that the big problem this month was gaining weight, I called my swell doctor who'd given me the reducing diet. I said, "How do you put on weight, doctor?" And he asked, "Are you kidding? Why do you want to gain?"

Well, I explained that it wasn't for me; it was for you. So he gave me three basic things to consider when you want to gain. 1. Rest. 2. Food. 3. Exercise.

The main thing is to get rest and plenty of it. Get ten hours sleep a night. Even if you can't actually sleep ten hours, lying in bed that long will help you.

As for diet, the thing to do is to skip the idea of the conventional three meals a day. You skinny kids must have six meals a day. Here's a typical weight-gaining diet.

Breakfast

Fruit juice or fruit
Toast with butter
Bacon and eggs
Coffee with cream and sugar

Mid-morning

Hard-boiled egg
Cottage cheese

Lunch

Green salad
Meat sandwich
Milk

Mid-afternoon

Malted Milk
Fruit

Dinner

Meat
Potatoes or macaroni or spaghetti
Green vegetable
Ice cream or cake or pie
Milk

Before going to bed

Cottage cheese
Bread and butter
Milk

THERE is one thing that skinny people don't realize and that is that it is not the amount of food you eat that counts, but how much you assimilate. So many letters this month said, "I just stuff myself with meat and potatoes and I can't seem to gain." Well, the trouble is that you stuff

yourself. Your body can't possibly turn all that food into weight. Give your body a chance by eating often and not so much at a time.

I know that the eating between meals is hard if you're taking your lunch to school. But you can space it so that you eat part of your lunch at the morning recess, and the rest at lunch time. And then have the malted milk after school.

Now for the third point. Exercise. Skinny kids should never exercise to the point of exhaustion. Instead of doing vigorous exercises they should do balanced exercise. I go to a gym three times a week and I do sit-ups and leg-raises vigorously. But there are several very thin girls who come to the gym to put on weight. All they want to do is to build up muscle.

If you don't have access to a gym you can take exercise at home. To build up your legs, put a big book on the floor and, with the ball of your foot on the book, raise yourself very, very slowly, first on one foot, then on the other and then on both. Begin by doing this ten times and work up to twenty-five.

To build up the arms and chest, lie on the floor or a flat surface. With a heavy book in each hand, slowly bring your arms out and then bring the hands together above your head. Be sure the book or whatever you use is very heavy so it will do some good.

As you know, the best exercise for anyone is swimming. Swimming builds muscles and it also reduces. If you possibly can, swim three times a week.

And now I'd like to repeat the reducing diet. I'll give you the quick way and the sensible way. But let me warn you again. Before you go on either of these diets, ask your doctor if it's all right for you:

THE QUICK WAY

Breakfast

Grapefruit juice
Coffee or tea (without sugar or cream)

Lunch

Two scrambled eggs
Three slices of tomato with lemon juice

Dinner

Small steak (no fat) or lamb chops
Green beans or spinach
Cottage cheese
Celery

Now the other diet, which doesn't take it off quite so fast, but is the sensible way:

Breakfast

Grapefruit juice
Thin slice well-done, lightly-buttered toast
One egg (any way but fried)

Lunch

(You can have fruit salad with no dressing or cottage cheese and pineapple or lettuce and tomato with lemon juice)
Skimmed milk

Dinner

Steak or lamb chops or lean roast beef or leg of lamb
Two green vegetables
Green salad (with lemon juice)
Fruit

I had a letter from an overweight girl who

different as snowflakes

"Snowflake" Bentley,
the homespun Vermont scientist,
proved with thousands of pictures
that no two snowflakes are exactly alike.
Millions of housewives,
in more millions of washings, have proved
there's no soap exactly like Fels-Naptha
. . . nothing else that washes sheets, shirts,
and all white goods literally "as white as snow."
For downright ability to keep clothes clean there's
nothing like soap . . . and no soap like Fels-Naptha.
Use Fels-Naptha *Chips* in your machine or tub.
Keep Fels-Naptha *Bar* handy for high-spotting collars,
cuffs and other heavily soiled articles.

Remember *only* Fels-Naptha gives you

1. Mild, golden soap.
2. Gentle, active naptha.
3. "Sunshine" ingredients for whiter whites—brighter colors.





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TODAY—"FLU" in your neighborhood. Tomorrow, this dread virus may enter *your* home! Influenza virus may survive in dust for days or weeks. So guard your family with the disinfectant that spreads an anti-bacterial blanket with *continuing*, not just temporary action.

HAVE "LYSOL" brand disinfectant in your cleaning water *every* time you clean—in baby's room, in your kitchen, bathroom... *every* room in your house!

UNLIKE BLEACHES, which *call for thorough cleaning before disinfecting, and which even then act only temporarily*, "Lysol" kills germs *as you clean*. And regular use of "Lysol" leaves an anti-germ blanket *between* cleanings!

ECONOMICAL. So highly concentrated, you need only 2½ tablespoonfuls to 1 gallon of water. Ask today for "Lysol," world's largest-selling germ killer!

signed herself, "T. C." She was from New York City. She said, "For lunch I must eat a sandwich since I bring my lunch to school. I stick to your six-day diet without the lunch you had. I only eat breakfast and dinner."

Now, look, this is no problem. And this letter I'd like to answer for all the kids who bring their lunch to school. Instead of scrambled eggs bring a couple of hard-boiled eggs and a raw tomato. That's easy enough, isn't it?

AND now for some other problems:

"Dear Joan: What time of day should you take exercises?—E. W., Hillsboro, N. H."

It doesn't matter. Just take exercise when you can. First thing in the morning or last thing at night. Just so long as you don't exercise right after eating it's all right.

"Dear Joan: Do you think yourself superior to other kids? How late do you stay out on dates? Do you smoke? Do you wear glasses? —E. B., New York City."

I certainly don't think myself superior to other kids. I'm a sixteen-year-old girl trying to do a good job, trying to be a good actress. I hope I'll be a good actress some day. As for how late I stay out, that depends on what I have to do the next day. If I have an occasional week-night date I get home by ten-thirty. On Friday and Saturday nights I can, if I'm lucky enough to have a date, stay out until twelve or twelve-thirty. I don't smoke. I wear glasses for reading and for playing the piano and at movies because I'm nearsighted.

"Dear Joan: I'm fifteen years old, five feet, seven and a half inches tall. Am I too tall to wear high heels?—B. H., Gloucester Point, Va."

I'd suggest that at school you wear low heels. I think every girl should wear low heels at school. But for formal occasions, such as when you're going to a dance, I think you should wear high heels, if your parents permit. Dramatize your height instead of trying to play it down. Hold your shoulders up. Stand well. Be proud that you're a tall girl. I wish I were.

"Dear Joan: I'm in love with a girl and I am in the service. Before she knew I was in the service she was in love with me. Now that I'm in uniform she hardly speaks to me.—S. A., Bermuda Island."

If you want my real opinion, I think this girl is terrible and not worth bothering about. There are so many nice girls who realize how important servicemen are and who like to go out with them, that I think you should just skip this girl and find another girl who appreciates you.

"Dear Joan: In school we recite essays and fables. I love to memorize these, but I get terribly scared and blush in front of the class. What can I do?—M. A. C., Middlefield, Ohio."

Oh boy, don't I know just how you feel! How do you think I feel when I get up in front of the camera and have to say lines in a scene? I'm just scared to death. If it helps you any to know this—it's the old misery loves company theory—this is my problem, too. But the point is that you *have* to do it. Whether it's

saying lines or reciting essays and fables, it's frightening. But this is what I do. I swallow hard and I say to myself, "Joan, you're silly. You can read this line as well as anyone." And then I do it to the best of my ability. It may not be perfect, but it's the best I can do. Why don't you try this the next time you have to read an essay?

"Dear Joan: My problem is that I can't follow boys when we're dancing. Would you suggest something I could do? I don't have a big brother.—M. K., Dallas, Tex."

Dancing school helps but it doesn't help enough, for boys just seem to take off in their own way and we're supposed to keep up with them. I suggest that you practice alone to records or the radio to get the rhythm of the music. When the boys don't have the right rhythm, then all you can do is relax. Let them lead you. Don't try anything fancy, and if you can't follow don't worry. Boys should know how to dance better than they do. It wouldn't hurt a lot of them to take a few basic lessons.

"Dear Joan: I like a certain boy who is two inches shorter than I am. He has told me that it makes no difference to him, but I can't help feeling self-conscious when we are out with a group of kids or when we're dancing. Do you think I'm being silly about this difference?—S. N., Seattle, Wash."

Yes, I do think you're being silly. Did you see a wonderful movie called *The Hasty Heart*? In it, Patricia Neal was taller than Richard Todd, and it was so great to see on the screen what you see so often in real life—that is, the girl being taller than the boy. It isn't looks or size that counts. It's whether or not you like this boy. And, for heaven's sake, if he doesn't care, why should you? It seems to me you're very lucky.

"Dear Joan: My mother allows me to have gatherings, but on those nights she invites her friends and they start playing cards. I feel funny if I invite my friends because they might think my parents gamble. They don't really, but you know how kids are.—M. R., Brooklyn, N. Y."

Yes, I know how kids are—very intolerant. What difference does it make to you whether or not your parents play a game of cards? My parents love to play bridge, and I wish I could learn. They've tried to teach me, but I'm afraid I'm not bright enough to master the game. So when they're having a bridge party and I want friends over, I invite them. I think so many kids feel that they have to apologize for their parents or they feel that other kids are talking about their parents. Honestly, all you have to do is to live and let live.

Well, that's all for now. Thanks for listening and thanks ever so much for writing. And please read the notice below.

An incorrect mailing address was published by mistake in recent issues. If you have a problem or a pertinent subject that you want Joan Evans to discuss, write to her. Box 93, Beverly Hills, California.

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?



For a thrifty manicure, try—

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When using polish, cover a book with Kleenex; rest fingers on top, wrist on table. Avoids smudging. Use Kleenex to remove excess polish. No fumbling, with that Kleenex box!



To hang pictures, should you—

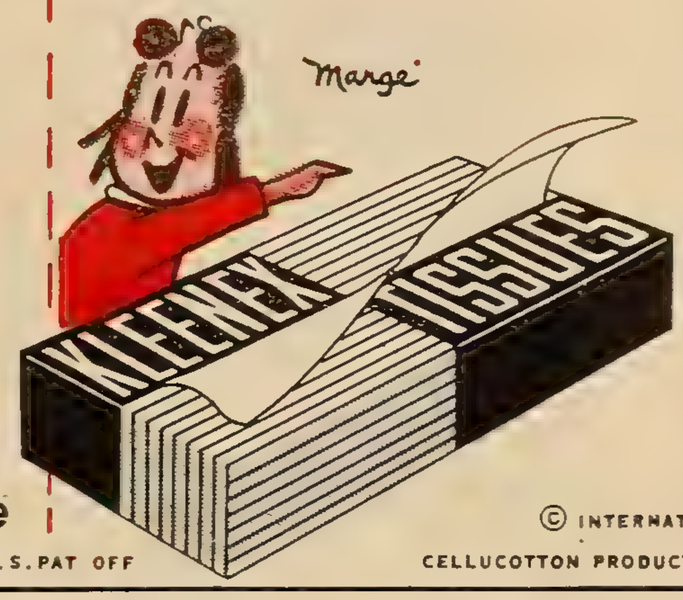
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who's a freak?

(*Continued from page 28*) "For instance, everyone knows you live in this modest little walk-up, but you've never said why."

"That's because nobody ever asked me. You know, I used to read stories about myself living in a walk-up. They said I wanted to be different. Some of them even intimated that I lived in a slum." He waved his arm. "Is this so bad?"

It wasn't so bad. In fact, a lot of people would have settled for it—a tastefully furnished flat in one of the most fashionable neighborhoods in New York.

"Well," I said lamely, "I guess it isn't up to movie star standards."

"I know it," he said, "and for a while, I let that argument get under my skin. Why, I even listened to a lot of foolish advice. I was told that a movie star was supposed to live the way the public thought he should. I couldn't be an individual. I was sacrificing my career."

"And then what?" I prompted.

"I did what they wanted me to do. A few months ago I moved to a four hundred dollar a month apartment, went to all the smart places, and threw cocktail parties for the right people. And do you know what happened?"

I shook my head, "No."

"I lost all my friends. They thought I was going 'high hat.' And not only that," he added vehemently, "I almost went broke paying the bills!"

"Well anyway, you didn't stay on that 'kick' very long," I said, consolingly.

"You bet I didn't," he said. "I'd rather have my friends and a little money in the bank than change my way of living just to conform to some imaginary rule."

He frowned intensely.

"Who makes up the rules, anyway?" he demanded. "Who's to say how a movie star should conduct his life? Who's to say where he should live; whom he should take out; and where he should go?"

I shrugged my shoulders for want of a better reply. But *is* there a better one? Monty Clift lives the way he wants to live. No one is going to tell him when, where, or how to manage his private life. And what's wrong with that? Those very qualities of determination and independence were the driving force behind his success and they are the factors that will keep him on top.

When I asked him who his friends were —the ones who thought he was going high hat—he smiled.

"You wouldn't know them," he said. "They're just plain, everyday fellows and gals. You see, I don't pal around with show people or go to their hangouts."

"Well, what do you do?" I asked him. "Don't you ever go to '21' for lunch, or go dancing at El Morocco or the Stork Club? Haven't you ever dropped into Sardi's for a late snack?"

"Sardi's," he repeated. "The place where legitimate actors and their ulcers stay up all night waiting for their reviews in the morning papers?"

I nodded.

"Never go there," he assured me. "And the same thing goes for Ciro's and Mocambo in Hollywood. Wait a minute," he corrected himself. "I went to Ciro's once. Just once. I took a girl I had known in New York. I thought she'd get a kick out of seeing it. Well, we got a table and ordered a bottle of wine. The room was crowded, noisy, and hot as the devil. My collar was starting to wilt, and so was my energy. After about twenty minutes, my girl friend leaned over and tapped me on the arm. 'Monty,' she said, 'you were sweet to bring me here, but I just can't stand to see you suffering. So, let's go.'

"Don't get me wrong," he continued. "I have nothing against Ciro's. I know it's one of the finest cafés in the country. But it's just not my kind of fun."

And don't get the idea that Monty's a stay-at-home—although he looks good in an easy chair. He likes to go out as well as anyone. He particularly likes shows, bars, restaurants, or even a walk in the park. But, the bars and the restaurants will be neighborhood places, he'll tell you. He knows who's going to be at the Colony in New York and Romanoff's in Beverly Hills. What's more, he knows what they're going to say and it bores him. As he puts it, "I get much more enjoyment in the little out-of-the-way places where the customers want to have a good time and aren't worried about impressing anybody."

There's nothing he likes better than "picking up" with people whether it's in a bar, on a street corner, or at the beach. "I love to find out what makes them tick," he told me. "I take long walks in the park, sit down on benches and start conversations with strangers. I find out what they think and how they feel. You never know what it'll bring. Sometimes it's darned exciting."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When my small daughter and I were returning home by plane, we met a young girl and her mother. The girl admired my daughter and tried to pick her up. When my daughter refused, the girl was genuinely disappointed. Today my daughter is the disappointed one since "that girl" was our favorite, Jane Powell.

Mrs. Rosemary Noli
Tucson, Arizona

I REMEMBERED a story someone once told me about him. Monty was taking one of his casual walks and happened to pass by the Stork Club. It was a warm night, and he was jacketless and had his sleeves rolled up. He stood in front of the glamorous club, and with a cynical grin watched the fashionable customers walk in and out. A sailor, out sightseeing, came along and paused near Monty. "I bet you'd love to go in there," the sailor said. "I know I sure would."

"Not me," Monty answered. "You couldn't drag me in there."

The sailor regarded him skeptically. "Why're you saying that? Because you haven't got the money?"

"It's not the money," Monty assured him.

"Aaah, tell it to the Marines," said the sailor.

"On the level," insisted Monty. "And if you don't believe it, come on across the street and I'll buy you a drink."

The sailor didn't mind. He and Monty went to a little bar where they sat and talked for hours over their beer. Or rather, the sailor did the talking with Monty drawing him out. As Monty paid the check, the sailor stuck out his hand appreciatively. "Thanks, Mac," he said gratefully. "Say, I been so busy enjoying myself I didn't get your name."

"It's Montgomery Clift," Monty told him.

"The movie star?" gasped the sailor.

"Yes," Monty admitted. "I hope you won't hold it against me."

MONTY's next question interrupted my reverie. "Anything else I can tell you?" he asked.

"Sure," I answered, blithely. "What do you talk about with these people you meet?"

"Anything, everything, just as long as its not about the picture business all the time," he answered. "I can gab with a man six-feet-four about religion, or a girl five-feet-two about her love life. I've talked about sports with a Salvation Army drummer and physics with a steam shovel operator."

"You ought to write a book," I told him.

"I'm almost finished with my first one right now," he informed me.

"What's it about?"

Monty shook his head. "If I told you that, you wouldn't buy it."

"I promise to buy it," I said, but he wouldn't talk.

"What's new in the girl department?" I asked him.

"Absolutely nothing," he answered. "You know I take out a lot of girls but there hasn't been anything serious yet."

"How about some names?" I prodded.

"These names wouldn't mean anything to your story," he said. "They're nobodies as far as the public is concerned. Salesgirls, secretaries, elevator operators, and maybe a stripteaser or two," he added, with a glint in his eye.

"Stripteasers?" I squeaked.

"Why not? They live breathe, think, and dream, don't they? And some of them have led really interesting lives."

He got up and started to walk around the room and I almost dislocated my neck trying to keep my eyes on that profile.

"You know," Monty went on, "I don't have to be in love with every girl I take out. Believe me, it's going to be quite a while before I get married and drop out of circulation. Anyway, that's the way I feel today. Tomorrow, who knows?"

"Oh," I said slyly, "and how do you feel about Pocahontas Crowfoot?"

He grinned.

"Isn't that a name for you?" he said.

"A name that's been coupled with yours in the gossip columns," I replied.

He explained that very simply. It seems that Monty enjoys the Martinique—probably the only café so honored. Pocahontas Crowfoot is a dancer there—a very attractive Indian girl with a wide reputation for her wit and personality. One evening, Monty dropped in with a friend and when the show was over, Pocahontas joined them for a drink. It made all the papers. "And the funny part of it is," Monty said, "I'd been in that club a half dozen times, and with attractive girls, too, and not one of the newspapers mentioned it."

"But, aren't you even a little bit in love with her?" I begged.

"Sorry," he smiled. "I'm still waiting to meet my light of love, and Pocahontas—well, I guess she's waiting for John Smith."

"Your light of love," I repeated, romantically. "Monty, how do you picture the girl you're waiting for? Does she have to be tall and stately like Hedy Lamarr, or small and cute, like Betty Grable?"

He sighed, a little wistfully, "If I knew, I'd probably be a happier guy."

I pulled myself together and rose to leave. He walked me to the door with that friendly smile.

"Sorry I couldn't be more helpful," he apologized. "I guess there just isn't much to write about me."

Oh, no? I could write reams. I could write symphonies. Talk about Monty—he doesn't know it, but he's my type of man.

THE END

(Montgomery Clift will soon be seen in Paramount's A Place In The Sun.)

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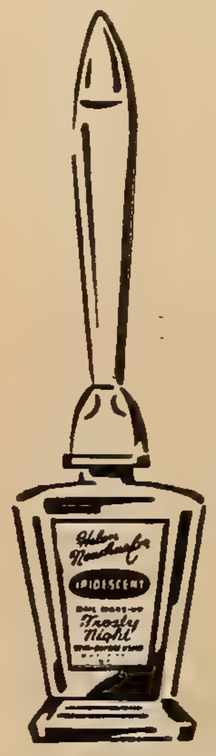
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this I remember

(*Continued from page 55*) It is only this which is worth talking about: that from the beginning to the end of my pilgrimage, I found what I wanted to find—good people. They were people whose heart-born piety assured their acceptance of each other as equals, no matter what private walk of life each came from.

All that the Pope asked, smilingly, when Cardinal Spellman presented me was, "Are you a good actress?"

All that a Scandinavian priest inquired was whether I was happy in my work.

All that a bearded Hebrew guide in old Jerusalem was moved to do was to present me with a lovely gift—an Egyptian scarab.

I was not June Haver to any of these, I was a devotee, come a long way, as they were, and I cannot describe the exultation to be just that . . . and no more.

THE morning after the attempted assassination of President Truman, I was in Rome and attended a special Mass celebrated by Cardinal Spellman to offer prayers for his protection. Following this, a group of us were taken to the private study of the Pope and suddenly he was there, talking to each in turn. I had a special assignment for this visit. With me I carried a pair of cuff links bearing the likeness of St. Genesius, patron saint of actors, and belonging to William Lundigan. He now has them back—blessed by the Pope.

I also brought back a message for Hollywood that was given to me by everyone I met: how much good our pictures can do for the people of foreign nations if we put our best into them, how much they can let them down if we don't. It was best explained to me on the Rome to Haifa plane on which 36 of us, assembled in one group by the Franciscan Fathers, made the Holy Land flight. I sat down next to a priest from India and immediately recognized him as a man I had heard speak at home, right in St. Paul's Westwood Church! He was Father Xavier (born S. Thani Nayajam) of Tuticorn, South India. We became not only special friends on the tour, but today he is my "Mission Father," the one to whom I dedicate an hour of prayer every Saturday.

Imagine Catholic children singing a hymn set to the tune of "It Was on the Isle of Capri That I Met Her." Yet this is so in South India. They fell in love with the melody after hearing it in one of our pictures.

Father Xavier told me about his work and his people, and the uplifting effect a good screen story has on them. He explained how the difference in their climate can affect the language of prayer so that sometimes the religious phrases they hear in our pictures puzzle them. They do not say, for instance, "In the light of God." Because they are almost always under the rays of a dazzling sun they find, "In the shade of God," infinitely more pleasing and understandable.

I sang aboard that Haifa-bound plane, not alone, but with a priest from Chicago, Father Carroll Riedel. We were all asked to sing our favorite songs from our homeland and as the only two Americans we got together on "God Bless America."

Another time I sang, this time solo, was for our Army boys stationed in Paris. But the star of that show was a cake the boys had ready for the occasion. It was an "objet d'art" I hated to cut. And the third time there was singing on my trip was on the bus from Cork to Killarney in Ireland, and I didn't do any of it. A bantam-sized old Irishman climbed aboard at one of the stops, announced that he certainly would enjoy a drink of good Irish whiskey, and then proceeded to entertain us with a series of Irish ditties all the way to Killarney.

NATURALLY, on a personal trip, as my pilgrimage was, I asked the studio not to make any publicity arrangements. And I had a hope that I would not be recognized, either. All through the Holy Land, for instance, I wore a navy blue snood over my hair to make sure, and also because I didn't want to be a contrast in a country where most of the people are dark. But when we left Rome, the airline people wired ahead and Israel newspapermen were waiting when our plane landed. Photographers even followed me into one of the temples and, fearing that the rabbi would be offended, I asked him to speak to them about it. From that time on they respected my request and took pictures only when I was outdoors.

The effect of the stories became apparent whenever we arrived at the different towns and places on our itinerary. Delegations of young people would be waiting. They told me, as luck would have it, too, that one of my pictures, *Look For the Silver Lining,* was playing in Tel-Aviv at the time.

I could not help but be impressed by the confidence of the people of Israel in their future. It is evident in their manner, in their talk and in their works. But I was saddened by some aspects of their communal existence in the outlying farms, particularly by the nursery life which their children must live because their mothers and fathers are busy in the fields. It seems to me that neither children nor parents can ever make up the love gone to waste because they are apart so much.

Father Xavier went wading with me in the Sea of Galilee, and it was there that I saw the old monk who was so moved by the biblical scenes around him that his eyes were filled with tears. He, too, had his shoes off, and sat on a rock dangling his feet in the water. I smiled at him but he saw only the wondrous waters and the distant, ancient hills.

Before I left Rome I had seen another monk I will never forget, this one a young fun-filled lad even if he did wear the traditional robe and cord, and his head was shaven. I was leaving the office of the Franciscan Fathers when I noticed him just ahead of me, carrying an umbrella. As he reached a quiet, cloistered part of the hall, he flipped the umbrella upwards in his hand and balanced it blithely on his chin. And in this manner he gained the street and went on his way happily!

Today travel through both Israel and the Arab areas is mostly by bus and train, but there are still some who journey by donkey. We met one of these natives at a little village on the road to Jericho. He was a nine-year-old Arab boy and I am not going to forget him in a hurry. He was standing beside his donkey when our bus stopped for a few minutes. I got out and asked him if he would get on the animal and let me take a picture. I should say that I communicated with him in sign language. He understood all right. He nodded, but held out his hand and said, "Baksheesh."

This meant he wanted money first, the others told me. But I carried no money on this trip and shook my head. I could see his dark face actually get darker, and he looked about on the ground as if he were seeking a weapon—which he found! Of all things, there lay a broken Coca-Cola bottle at his feet. He snatched it up and pulled his hand back to swing it at me. I went flying back to the bus. He had made himself perfectly plain. No "Baksheesh"—no picture.

Curiously enough, I felt that this little

boy was not without dignity, and if he enforced it savagely it was the only way he knew. By his code if I deemed a picture of him and his donkey valuable I should pay for it. I had been put in my place and was probably the better for it.

My first stop on the trip after leaving the United States was Paris, and something I saw there reminded me of the one-sided impression the world has of Hollywood. I visited the Montmartre twice. The first time was on a Saturday night and saw and heard what I had been led to expect: jostling, laughing groups in an excited coming and going, as if everyone was nervously afraid the music and wine-thickened atmosphere would suddenly clear up and leave them stranded.

My second visit was just a few hours later when I walked through on my way to early Sunday Mass. Now the Montmartre was playing a different role. The night gaiety was gone. Instead it was stirring lazily in the early, pale sunshine.

The doors of a night club lay open and inside there was nothing to be seen but a long bar on which snoozed a fat cat. From a gate emerged a black-shawled old woman holding an empty milk pitcher. When she turned a corner and was gone the street was deserted until a small boy came along carrying a long, French loaf of bread for his breakfast. His fresh face and clear eyes told plainly that he had been asleep long before the first roisterer had arrived in the area the night before. He stopped to peek in at the cat (he seemed to know it would be there) and go, "P'ssst!" He acknowledged my presence with a knowing, little smile as if to say, "Well, we are the only ones up and about so far, eh?" And then he went along, whistling in a way that revealed he had not quite learned how, but was trying.

more beautiful

than ever

liz taylor

on the

april cover

of modern screen

on sale

march 9

I felt like protesting. Why hadn't anyone given me *this* picture of the Montmartre? It was a lovely, quaint place as I was seeing it now. And, of course, I knew the answer. The ordinary lives its people live are of no interest. Just as the Hollywood in which stars have babies to put to bed, meals and other household duties to attend to, and a lot of plain, everyday living to do, is not news.

I didn't have to ask that little French boy to know that he loved the Montmartre; just as I and dozens of my friends love the Hollywood we know, the Hollywood that means our homes and our loved ones, and all the things we hold so dear.

Well, the French boy loves his Montmartre. In the eyes of an old Jewish patriarch come at last to his beloved homeland of Jerusalem I have seen love shining plainly. The Irish lad who was sure the best husbands are only to be found in Ireland loved his land. They reinforced my love for mine.

They did this, and they did more for me. They gave me new incentive.

I wish I were as brave as the people of Israel.

I wish I could smile like the Italians do. Or even get as much real living out of an hour of my day as they seem able to squeeze out of an instant.

I wish I had the manner and elan of the French, from the most distinguished of its citizens to anyone you chance to speak to on the street.

I wish I had the simple faith of the old, paralyzed man I saw in a wheel chair at the Grotto of Lourdes in France. His nurse told me that he has sat every day for years at the shrine with his paralysis uncured. "But he has been cured otherwise, Madame," she said. "You have only to look at his face to become convinced of that." And she was right. His face shone with the health of his soul.

I wish I could read between the lines of life for the poetry that is there as the Irish do.

Like the little French boy again, with his whistling, I haven't quite made it. But I, too, am trying.

A pilgrim makes his journey to the Holy Land to kneel before the resurrection place of his Lord. I did. And in return I saw Christ's glory reflected in the faces of His people who showed me how rich and resourceful and loving the human spirit can be.

The End

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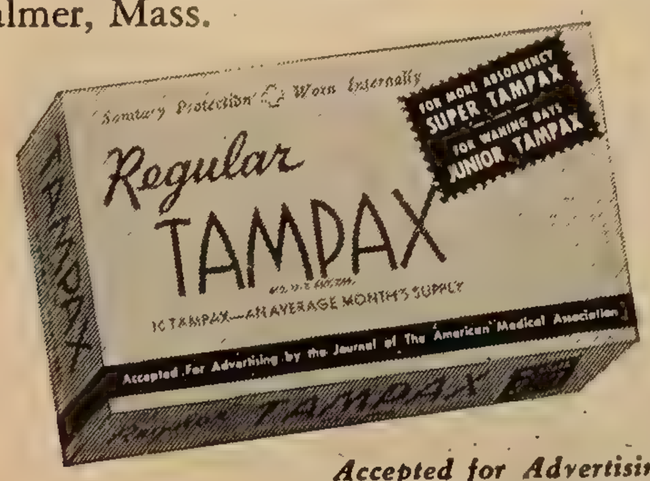
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You all know how easily everything can go wrong with your usual sanitary protection. You may put on a dress that's too clinging or find yourself again and again in crowded places with constant fear of "offending." No wonder you get jittery beforehand. No wonder the after-thoughts are unpleasant. Yes, it's no exaggeration to say "your whole month is spoiled."

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Made of pure surgical cotton contained in one-time-use applicators, Tampax is a marvel of efficiency and comfort. You cannot feel it when in place and it is readily disposable. At drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

a world apart

(*Continued from page 51*) Barbara wouldn't talk to any reporters about her divorce, and Taylor, when the news was made public, was flying around Palm Springs in his private plane.

Two weeks previously he had been operated on in San Francisco for a double hernia. Barbara had gone up there to be with him. Bob's operation lasted three hours. "Those three hours," Barbara later said, "were the longest hours in my life."

The operation proved successful. When it was over, Barbara confided to a reporter that she had bought her husband a new Cadillac convertible for Christmas and that she was going to act as his chauffeur.

Barbara was so solicitous, so genuinely interested in Bob's health that no one expected a divorce announcement two weeks later.

Actually and truthfully, it had been forthcoming since the end of World War II.

THE story that professional requirements were responsible for the split-up may in part be true. But actually, Stanwyck and Taylor are big enough stars to make any picture where and when they want.

Barbara is in demand by so many film companies that she never has to go on location if she doesn't want to. Moreover, if she felt that geography were ruining her marriage, she could have quit anywhere along the line.

She's been in the big-time for more than twenty years. She has plenty of money. Taylor's salary hits $3,000 a week, certainly enough to support any wife.

Not only that, but Barbara and Bob just finished touring Italy together. The January issue of MODERN SCREEN ran a large story, profusely illustrated, on these two stars enjoying the sights of Rome.

This excuse of being separated "too often and too long" is just not good enough.

What happened to Barbara and Bob happens to many couples who have no children. (Barbara had one by her former husband, Frank Fay.) They find after a decade of marriage when the sex attraction has subsided, that there is no common bond to hold the marriage together. One of the few things Bob and Barbara had in common was the motion picture industry, and to this common profession, this mutual avocation is ascribed the cause of their divorce. It just doesn't ring true.

What does ring true is that Bob Taylor is an aviation sportsman. He loves to fly. He flies all the time. Stanwyck detests planes. She died a thousand deaths this past summer when she flew to Rome to be with Bob.

In Rome the Italian newspapers carried the story that Bob and a young Italian actress were quite the thing. It was a ridiculous story. Members of the *Quo Vadis* cast said later that the girl in question was a publicity-seeking extra, who meant nothing to Taylor.

The Stanwyck-Taylor marriage did not go on the rocks because of any third parties. It went on the rocks because Barbara and Bob could find nothing mutual to do in their spare time.

To say that they had no spare time is to hedge the point, because Barbara has enough money and position to obtain as much spare time as she desires. The fact she constantly chose to work was an indication to a handful of shrewd insiders that all was not well at the Taylor menage.

One reporter, tired of the constant publicity drivel about how beautifully two maior stars could get along, once asked Barbara if she and her husband ever quarreled. "Sure," Barbara said, "we have disagreements but I like it that way. Sometimes we get so mad at each other we don't speak for days. That's better than these lovey-dovey things."

A friend of Barbara's says: "If she would only learn to fly, if she would only learn to like planes, I think she and Bob might still make a go of it."

"IT's not as simple as that," says one of Taylor's intimates. "Sometimes a marriage drags on when it should have ended several years previously. Something happens. The glamor is gone. The passion fades. A couple find they don't care to do the same thing. They keep going together. Maybe the spark will light the embers. Maybe the fire will flare up again. Such things rarely happen. The marriage begins to diminish in intensity. The excitement dies down. A husband and wife no longer enjoy each other.

"Taylor goes to London to do *Conspirator*. Stanwyck stays behind to work for Hal Wallis. There are loads of long distance calls, but these are born more out of consideration than love.

"My own analysis is that Bob and Barbara got tired of each other. It's as simple as that. If they enjoyed each other's hobbies, it might've been different. But as grown-up folks, each went his own way. Barbara has a 17-year-old son, Dion, by Frank Fay. Maybe if she and Bob had adopted some kids it would have been different.

"All I can say is that they're wonderful people who have no recriminations. Bob, you know, was a flying instructor for three years in the Navy. I don't think the war changed him appreciably, but it heightened his love of aviation. Barbara suffers from a constitutional fear of planes, and there's nothing anyone can do about it. She never begrudged Bob his hobby, but she never shared it, either."

No one would be foolish enough to say that Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor are divorcing because he likes to fly, and she doesn't. Disagreements, at least marital, are seldom that simple. It's the annual increment of a million little things that eventually wrecks a marriage.

The most successful Hollywood marriages are those in which (1) the wife has abandoned her career in favor of becoming a housewife; (2) those in which the marriage is blessed by the quick arrival of children; (3) those in which the husband and wife do not partake in the same occupation; and (4) those in which the husband and wife share a number of major hobbies.

The Stanwyck-Taylor marriage failed to meet any of these requirements—and therein lies the answer to its dissolution.

THE END

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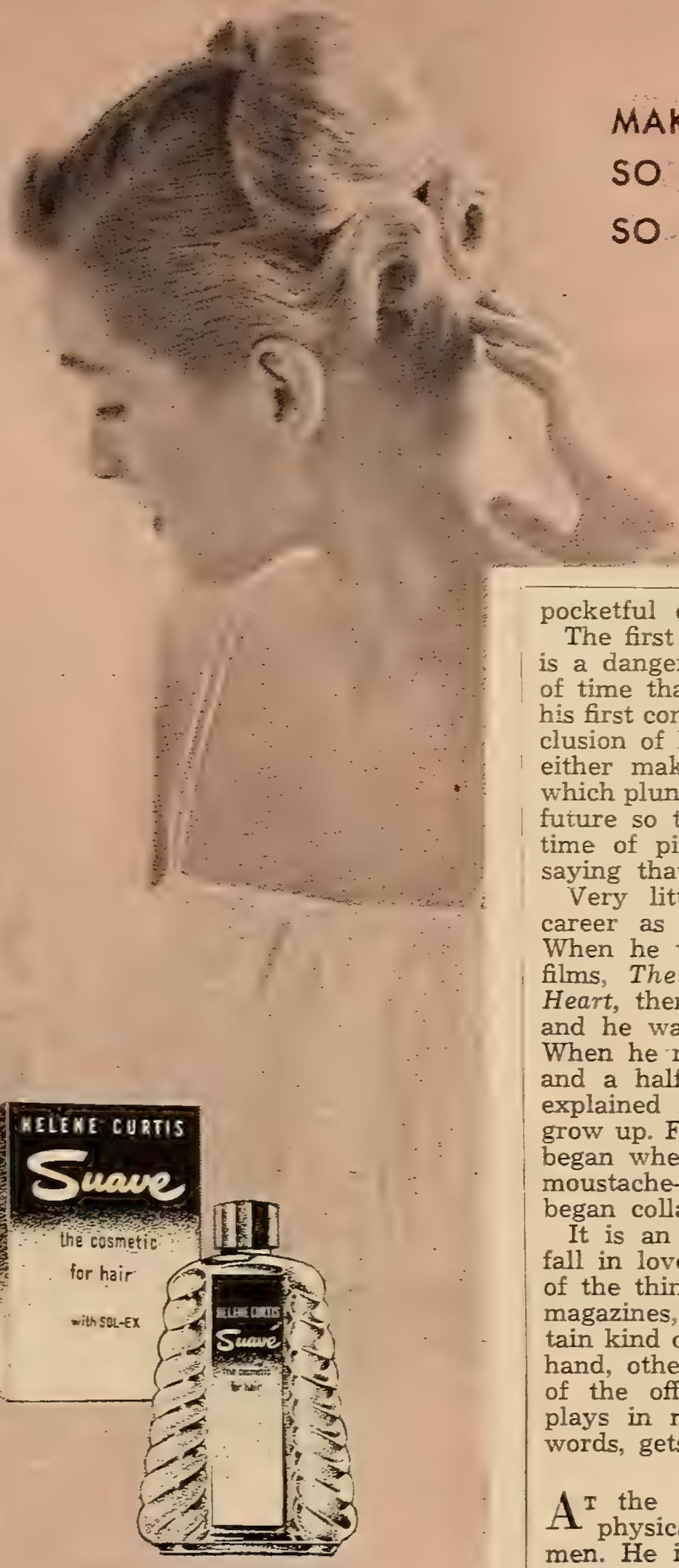
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"My morning kiss of Suave



MAKES MY HAIR
SO MANAGEABLE
SO RADIANT!"

"watch your step, farley!"

(*Continued from page 40*) the most cynical of the Hollywood executives.

In itself even the unwillingness to do a story which the wise men in the production department believe is just right for him is not a matter of serious moment. This, however, linked with Farley Granger's rather erratic behavior during the past few months seems to make it necessary for some friend to clap him on the back and say, "Watch your step, Farley—the road ahead is rosy and strewn with flowers and gold, but it is filled with enormous, hidden pitfalls. Beware, my boy, and take a long look back before you venture further. Watch your step, Farley, because from now on more and more people will be waiting for you to blunder. That's how they are in Hollywood."

There is a tale, universally believed in film circles, that when one of his "people" says "no" to Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, the movie-making genius flies into such a tizzy of rage that within a square mile radius of his office strong men crawl beneath their desks and shiver in fear. It is also an accepted belief that when one of his "discoveries" shows the slightest tendency toward "ingratitude", Mr. Goldwyn becomes Savage Sammy.

The necessity for the above information is to establish the fact that when Farley Granger got involved in a dispute with Mr. Goldwyn last year, it was immediately deduced that he was either attempting suicide, or he had a beef so legitimate it could not be ignored, or (and most popularly believed) he had reached that stage of movie-stardom where all is confusion. It was unthinkable that such a quarrel could take place.

FARLEY Granger will probably never forget the first time he saw Samuel Goldwyn smile. Farley was seventeen, a tall, rather gangling, trembling seeker-of-a-job when he entered Mr. Goldwyn's office. Goldwyn smiled, and the world became filled with beauty. The youngster, flanked by his mother and father, sat and basked in the splendor of the occasion—assured now, by some strange miracle that at that moment he had been made a movie star; and in his heart he undoubtedly vowed eternal obedience, fidelity and loyalty to Samuel Goldwyn. Such was the wonder of the event—and the magic of Mr. Goldwyn's personality.

Seven years later, the same Mr. Goldwyn almost uprooted every tree in West Los Angeles with the wind of his wrath against Farley Granger—and Farley calmly drove to a travel bureau and bought a pocketful of tickets to far away places.

The first seven years of any actor's life is a dangerous period. It is in this space of time that the average actor serves out his first contract. It is generally at the conclusion of his first contract that the actor either makes a quick series of mistakes which plunge him to oblivion, or sets up his future so that he can go on with a lifetime of picture-making. It goes without saying that most actors take the plunge.

Very little of Farley Granger's early career as an actor is worth recording. When he was in his teens he made two films, *The North Star* and *The Purple Heart*, then the Navy swallowed him up and he was gone for a year and a half. When he returned, he went another year and a half without a part. As Goldwyn explained it once, he was being paid to grow up. Farley's real life as a movie star began when he appeared one day with a moustache—and girls all over the world began collapsing at the sight of him.

It is an odd fact that millions of fans fall in love with Farley Granger because of the things they read about him in the magazines, the gay, silly things that a certain kind of girl likes. While, on the other hand, other millions fall for him because of the off-beat, degraded characters he plays in most pictures. Farley, in other words, gets them all.

AT the age of 25, Farley Granger is physically a rather splendid specimen. He is six feet, one inch in height, sturdy, athletic—although tending to leanness—and brimming with good health. He wears his clothes with a rare style, not like Beau Brummel, but like a college man with expensive good taste. You can get into an argument about his face. There are many women who will tell you that he has the most classic set of features since the young Barrymore. Others say there is much of Lincoln's ugliness in his face, but that a gentle warmth of expression lends him handsomeness.

These things are not quite enough to make a man a movie star. There must be talent, which Farley unquestionably has, and there must be the animal element. Veteran starmakers will tell you it is this animal something that makes the difference between an actor and an idol.

Farley Granger has this masculine magnetism, he has the face, the figure, the flair, the talent, the position. But he will not live as a movie star for very long if people begin to believe that he has too great a love for Farley Granger, or too reckless a disregard for Hollywood.

It is a fact that people have begun to suspect this. But are they right?

A couple of years ago, an acquaintance

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YOUNG WIVES IN SUSPENSE

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of Farley and Shelley Winters was amazed to see them dancing down a Hollywood street, some time after dusk, like a couple of celebrating gazelles.

"What is the matter with you two?" he asked, sniffing the air for the reek of the beverage that leads to exuberance.

"Nothing. Why?" chorused Farley and Shelley.

"Then where are you going so all-fired enthusiastically?" asked the friend, failing to smell anything but the night air.

"To the movies," said Farley.

And arm in arm, Farley and Shelley skipped off, bounding high into the air, dancing from side to side, and screaming with glee. Traffic halted, pedestrians got out of the way—and Farley and Shelley continued on their happy, uninhibited way.

That was a couple of years ago.

A couple of months ago, Farley Granger, a coat thrown over his shoulders against the nippy air on a night location, stalked through a group of extras to the locale of the next shot. Without reason, one of the extras nudged another and said, "Get him!" Without explanation, this would be a terribly unfair incident to note, for it can be misleading by implication. It is told only to picture the change in public manner of the man, and the agility with which casual observers can spot the most subtle of transformations and exaggerate on them.

IT COULD be that Farley Granger is more aware of his importance than he used to be two years ago; and it may be that it is just that he is two years older, has been broadened by travel, and has decided that public exuberance should be curbed. At any rate, he is different. But what people may unfairly believe is that he has changed for the worst.

In any circumstance, a man of 25 is not as filled with emotional gratitude as a boy of 17. And growing up into a movie star has nothing to do with it. Few junior executives in commerce pay the same homage to opportunity and the front office that they did when they were green, multi-thumbed office boys.

To Farley's credit list the fact that his fans support him avidly in both magazine polls and at the box office, which gives him a sledge hammer of an argument. It gives him the economic whip hand, for he has something to sell for profit, something that is highly resalable at a profit. He controls this commodity which is Farley Granger. He is, in truth, a highly reliable actor, always on time, always up in his lines, and always dependable in the performance of his craft. He can become as arrogant as Bugs Bunny, and he'll still be able to peddle Farley Granger tomorrow at a fine fee per peek.

But Farley must remember for future use that no star in the history of the movies has ever fought City Hall and got away with it; that no star has ever worn a hat bigger than his most humble associate for very long and not been toppled by the combined hatred of his ill-wishers; that no star has ever remained bright once his fans ceased caring to identify themselves with his personal as well as his screen life.

TO get closer to any possible "change" in Farley Granger, we ought to examine his work more closely. Not the maneuvers of acting, nor the readings, but the spirit of the work. Players who did pictures with him in his more eager days, say that it was easy to do scenes with him, for he was anxious to please and cooperate and it came across to them. Recently, this writer felt obliged to ask actors currently working with him how they liked it. In most cases, those questioned said, "fine." But a couple said, "It's hard playing a scene with him because he doesn't give."

To those unfamiliar with movie-making and its terminology, this expression will mean little. But to the wise, it means a good deal. It means that an actor has lost zest for the play and has gained a lot for the part. It means that he is so engrossed in his own performance that he plays it like a block of ice, coldly and with the ultimate in jealous precision. Alone, he prances and mouths his words—and by the great Lord Harry, alone he would find himself on the film. It is this awareness of self that will, if not purged in time, drive any actor who turns conceited into certain mediocrity.

To exactly what degree Farley Granger has changed is something that at this point he alone knows. It is apparent that when he is not working in Hollywood, he likes to get out of town, or, better, out of the country. This may be just an earnest desire to bone up on foreign culture. It is apparent that Farley doesn't have as much fun with Hollywood people as he used to have. It might be that he has suddenly found them dull and tame—or it might be that he has just grown out of the playful age. Who, but Farley can honestly say?

ALTHOUGH it is not widely known, Farley has turned down pictures which have been selected for him by experts who have been in the business for a good many years longer than he has lived. And it must be admitted that these experts, with a stake in his earning powers, would cut off their right arms before they would make a deliberate error that would detract from Farley's future potential. In Farley's favor in these instances, it must be realized that he, too, has a stake in his future, and that a man sometimes has to trust his own judgment above that of all others. If, by exercising this judgment, he exposes himself to criticism, he must be mature enough to take it on the chin, holding his ground, without losing his head.

This is why it is time for a friend to ask Farley to take stock of himself and, by his own attitude, to destroy every vestige of doubt as to his worth. For when people begin, even idly, to question his behavior, the unrest which is created is as potent as outright accusations.

Farley Granger mellowed Samuel Goldwyn into his triple-whammy smile and captivated the hearts of millions of moviegoers seven years ago. He grew a moustache and all over America heartbeats quickened. He had his picture taken in the front seat of his first convertible, and countless young girls sighed, "Gosh, I wish he were my guy."

He skipped down the streets of Hollywood with his favorite date and enchanted a sated town with his youthful enthusiasm for living, and his ability to have a marvelous time just going to a movie.

He acted the play and not the part, and spines tingled at the touch of his fingers on the flesh of the mass girlhood of the world. His hazel-eyed likeness has been hung lovingly on the walls of innumerable adolescent bedrooms, and has been the inspiration for more gasps than all the asthma of the universe.

At the age of 22, Farley Granger had the world by the tail, more homage in his daily mail than a king, a brighter future than the son of the richest of the Du Ponts—and as many true friends as a man could count if he totaled from now till the newest tree on earth falls from old age. Let us hope that he keeps them all fair, square and secure, for many many years to come.

He can do it. And he can destroy the whispered accusations of his inability by being careful now. THE END

something sort of grandish

(*Continued from page 44*) to practice his golf chip shots.

The interior is equally lavish. The lighting fixtures in the drawing room—it's too romantic to be called a living room—are fitted only for candles. The butler's pantry is so well-equipped with cabinets and counter space that it would delight the heart of an Army quartermaster. The master suite has a bath and dressing room for the lady of the house and a combined bath and dressing room for the gentleman.

"Those first weeks after we moved in," David says—"well, we were all slightly hysterical with our new sense of freedom. The children didn't know where to play, in the nursery or in the sunroom. A few minutes in both and they'd rush out of the nearest door like mad, grab their bikes, and pedal furiously around the tennis courts. They were like three flaming comets, and I knew we'd made a good choice with the house. It was for us."

According to Jane Wayne, "David went slightly nuts himself. This was just about the first privacy he'd known in eight years of marriage, and he wallowed in it. He spent hours singing in the bathroom, and whenever I wanted him, I'd have to search through the whole house. I usually found him reading in some new book nook.

"As for me, I went closet-happy. I plunged into unpacking our possessions so fast that I lost track of which closet contained what. It's taken me months to discover where I put things during that first flush of housekeeping."

The Wayne home life has now simmered down into a more orderly pattern. Grock, the French poodle, lives in a dog house in the service pantry. The twins share a bedroom next to their parents. Timmie sleeps in one corner of the nursery near his Scotch nurse, Margo.

DURING the day, Grock and the children play in the large playroom on the second floor. This room is done in red and white, two colors particularly gay and child-like. One end of the room consists entirely of windows, but instead of fussy draperies, Jane had it fitted with white shutters that can be tightly closed at night and during nap time. Jane also covered the floor with a number of fluffy red and white scatter rugs which can be easily picked up and laundered. Three straight chairs, two red toy chests for the girls, a small cabinet for Timmie's treasures, and one comfortable couch for the parent who reads bedtime stories complete the room.

David and Jane love their new way of living. When they sit in the library, they're filled with peace of mind. Jane looks up from her book at the walls and woodwork and lamps and upholstered pieces—all a soft shade of green, and she knows it's just perfect—calm and relaxing.

The Waynes, cramped for space for so many years, not only have a living room downstairs, but a living room upstairs. "It's an extra bonus," Jane says, "I guess to compensate us for all those basement years in New York." The room is pine-paneled, and is used for intimate family gatherings around the fireplace or for television showings.

Actually, their household—once the residence of Frances Marion, the scenario writer—is designed for large-scale entertaining, the kind of entertaining typical of Hollywood in the Rudolph Valentino-Pola Negri era. So far the Waynes haven't had much time for parties, largely because David has starred in six pictures within one year. A few weeks ago, however, they tried one small dinner.

WHILE David was making *Up Front*, he met Berti, the Italian actress, who offered to cook him a real spaghetti dinner. David was willing, and Jane was thrilled. They invited friends for morning tennis and set the spaghetti feast for one o'clock.

Came one o'clock and Berti hadn't arrived. Came two o'clock, and no Berti. The Waynes started to get uneasy as more and more people began popping in.

By the time Berti arrived at seven that night, the Waynes had twenty-four guests, and the spaghetti dinner developed into a tremendous buffet supper.

After the last meat ball had disappeared, David and Jane stood in the kitchen surveying their tomato-spattered walls. "Darling," David asked, "why is it that when we start out doing something, it always ends up double in size?"

Jane thought for a moment, and then from the upstairs nursery, there wafted down the sound of Melinda crying. As Jane went off to take care of her charge, she tossed a remark over her shoulder.

"Don't let it worry you, honey," she called out. "For once in our lives we have a house large enough to absorb the shock."

THE END

HE CHANGED HIS MIND

Hollywood is an amazing place and I wander around popeyed in wonder at its technical facilities. But I've promised myself never to make any permanent alliance or buy a home there.—David Wayne quoted by Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter.

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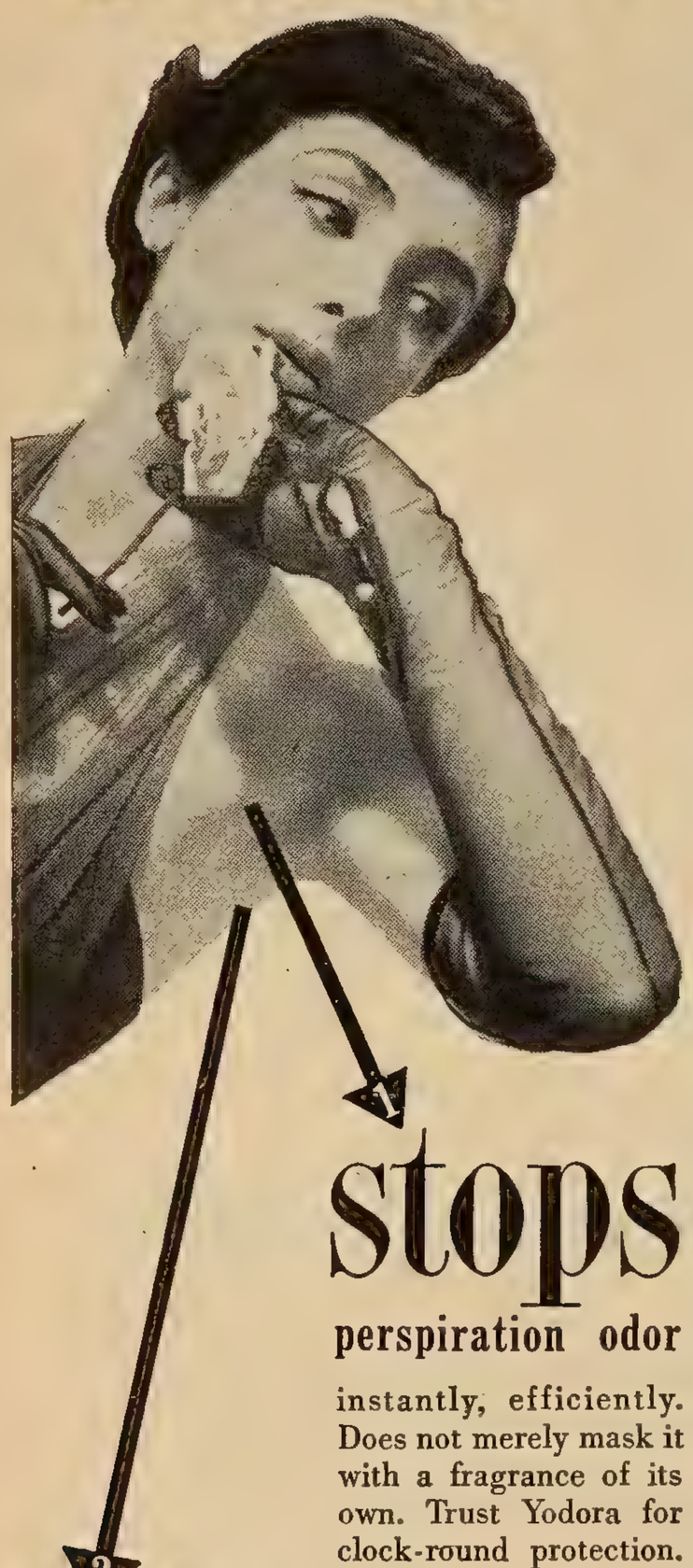
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hollywood's ten most fascinating men

(*Continued from page 46*) "Where are all the new Hollywood charmers? Where are the fascinating, irresistible young men? Don't they grow 'em any more?"

And my rude answer to that is, "Darling, you are growing old!" Sure, the Rudy Valentinos and the Jack Gilberts are dead and gone. But did fascination fade from fashion with those characters? No fascinating young men in Hollywood today? Applesauce! The Hollywoods is full of them. I can count a couple of fists full without half trying—and since I've got ten fingers, I'll rattle off ten right now, like this—

Farley Granger, Tony Curtis, Howard Duff, Robert Mitchum, Victor Mature, Marlon Brando, Tyrone Power, Montgomery Clift, Stewart Granger—and yes—years don't bother him—that latter day Barrymore himself, Errol Flynn! Every one of those charmers can make my heart do naughty nip-ups, and I'm not the only romantic gal in the world.

But first, just what are we looking for? What is fascination anyway? Webster calls it, "enchantment; unseen, inexplicable influence." I can say it with stronger synonyms: Fascination—masculine noun—is sex. It's virility, mystery too, action, daring, danger and suspense. It's character, guts, authority. It's charm, gaiety, sophistication, a flair. It's being thrillingly noble—and it's being bad as a lead nickel, too. It's personality—or, as we used to say in Hollywood, it's "It."

Everyone of my ten terrifics has something different but it comes up fascination all the same. Take Farley Granger—and I think every girl who reads this would take him, if she had the chance. She'd love to find out what's going to grow out of this feverish faun-like creature, what lurks behind his dark eyes, what it is he's seeking so eagerly—so she could help him find it. And me, I'd like to help him myself.

Farley Granger is like a Christmas box that arrives early—gorgeous on the outside, but the thrilling surprise is to come when you open it, and you can hardly wait. Farley couldn't be more handsome, but that's not why he's at the top of my list. It's his ravenous hunger to live and learn that makes him so super-exciting.

Farley was mama's boy, but he broke away fast to find out things for himself. He got his own house, collected his own romances, his own adventures, travelling alone far out from the cozy world he knew. He bucked not only the silver cord to do it, but the boss who made him—a tough, paternal boss that few fair-haired boys he's fostered have dared stand up to, Sam Goldwyn. But Farley said "No" to Sam to fly off to Rome and Paris—cities that can teach a young man plenty—and took suspension to do it. He didn't come back until money ran out either, and $2000 of it ran out collecting paintings; so that he had to borrow $100 eating money from Shelley Winters until his salary check came in again!

I used to tease Shelley when that gay fireball was first teaching Farley to love and laugh, wising him up on women and their ways. "How's that Boy Beautiful you're bringing up?" I'd ask her. I pulled that the other day and she came back, "Don't you worry about Farley. He's no boy, he's all man—and right now he's bringing me up, or wearing me down, I don't know which. He wants to stay up all night and how can you catch any beauty sleep after five A.M.?" But Shelley, like some other Hollywood girls too, isn't fooling herself. She knows that Granger isn't going moony and soft and getting married right away. Not even girls, at this point, can satisfy the craving he has for the things he still hasn't savored—this boy who didn't go to college, and got to be a star before he got east of Palm Springs.

Farley Granger's fascination is wrapped up in one wonderful word—Promise. He's like springtime, ready to bust out all over one of these days—and if you don't think that comes across as a potent spell—tell me what does.

It's rough on the girls when a man outshines them, but it happens whenever they buck up against a Hollywood male with a sexy wallop—and they're likely to be all around you in Hollywood these days. Lois Andrews found that out not long ago—and the result was a new star with as much push and power as an F-80 Jet. I mean Tony Curtis.

I ran into Lois, seems only yesterday, and heard her sigh, "Golly, I wish I owned a piece of Tony Curtis' contract."

"Tony Curtis?" I puzzled. "Who in the world is that?" I'd never heard of the guy. Well, he was, Lois explained, just about the most wallopy hunk of young man she'd ever run up against and what had happened was slightly sensational.

The studio had sent him along for the ride on a Seattle junket to open *The Kansas Raiders.* Tony had a bit in the picture—Lois, Scott Brady and Audie Murphy were the stars. But you wouldn't have known it. "The mob passed us by like a taxi in the rain," grinned Lois. "And they almost tore the clothes off that Curtis. What has he got? Everything!"

That's a lot—but Tony has it—as I've since discovered, along with a million other sighing girls—and Janet Leigh in particular. Men like him, too. The first time I met Tony was at a benefit. As he entered, I perked up in my seat and said, "Who's that?" And Pat Nerney, who's Mona Freeman's husband, and an old friend of mine, told me. What's more he kept telling me—in raves—for a solid half hour. "Heavens—you sound like you're in love with the guy," I kidded him. "I would be, you can bet, if I were a woman." said Pat. And that about says it—for all the girls. What's the reason? Sex appeal. The rugged kind.

Tony has black curls you long to rumple and big eyes you'd love to get lost in. But back of them is a flinty fighter from New York's East Side who'd just as soon shove you over as look at you—if you got in his way. That's his fascination, mixed with a surprising sweetness. Janet Leigh tells me that's what makes Tony tops with her. "I can't say hello to Tony Curtis without getting a flock of flowers, or a present," she protests—but not too much. That's true—Tony has good manners; he's kind, thoughtful and tender. And when you mix tenderness with toughness—look out, ladies! Remember Clark Gable?

Now, that sounds like a pretty irresistible dish of wolf, but in that department even Tony Curtis can't match a certain quiet, unpretentious star who came on my radio show the other night. He arrived on crutches with a beautiful blonde to help him on one side and Ida Lupino—in the sexiest gown I've ever seen her wear—on the other. I don't blame her, with the competition, because when Howard Duff sat down at my broadcasting table I had to ask the announcer, "Move him to another mike, please! I can't settle down to my work." There's something about that dangerous Duff that quietly moves in

on you—the minute he gets near. And believe me, Howard has moved in on some of the sexiest girls in this town.

How come? Duff's no Adonis or personality boy. He doesn't go to parties—if there's more than one other person present, meaning a lovely girl. But back of his piercing blue eyes there's a come-hither which was described to me the other day by a very beautiful, smitten and experienced star as, "the greatest physical magnetism I've ever felt in a man." When Howard played *Sam Spade* on the air, his voice was so sexy that girls who'd never seen him wrote him, wired him, called him and begged to surrender!

Howard's the pipe type, the quiet, reflective, lonely soul with his books—it says here—and that makes every girl in town long to mother the poor bachelor, until they realize their feelings aren't maternal at all. He's patient and philosophical, slow but sure, and he seldom slips up. Maybe he did when he got those crutches. I asked Duff how it happened.

"I fell down some stairs," he said.

"Sure you weren't pushed?" I pressed. "Maybe by a pair of lily white hands when you got too close?"

"I fell down some stairs," repeated Howard. But back in those baby blue eyes I caught a fascinating glint. I wish I knew his secret, that sly one—but I don't think I ever will, nor will anyone else. He's keeping it where it does Howard Duff the most good.

On the other hand, Victor Mature is about as mysterious and secret as a brass band—yet to me Vic's a fantastically attractive guy and always will be. I didn't think so when I first met him. I thought then, "Migosh, why doesn't somebody lead him around with a chain?" He looked and acted like a St. Bernard dog,



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a clumsy clown falling all over himself.

For two years I feuded with Mature. Then one day he called me and we patched up. I said I'd come up to his house. I never saw anyone so jittery. "I'd like to look around your place," I suggested. "N-n-n-n-O-uh—it's all torn up," protested Vic. Back home, I called him to say I'd enjoyed my visit. "But," I had to ask him, "what's happened to you anyway? You ought to relax. You acted like you had a redhead stashed away."

"As a matter of fact," Vic blurted out, "I had."

You can't help liking a character like that. Vic's frank, he's original, he's never dull. He's the hub of any party and wowing everyone around him. He's got a big heart, loves everyone, especially if they're all mixed up. He set a war-buddy of his up in business and it's booming now. He's a darling to his stepson—he kept two new cars out in the rain all last winter so the kid could have a garage playroom—and if he could remember to come home on time, he'd be the ideal husband to his wife, Dorothy.

I don't know any one at any studio who doesn't love Vic Mature now. He's become a rattling good actor and I think a very handsome man. Don't think Cecil DeMille would have picked him for *Samson* if he couldn't pull the ladies in. Still he's the same guileless guy, who acts as he pleases, says what he pleases, lives as he pleases. He's never conformed or changed his style—and that style to me is terrific.

There's another non-conformist named Bob Mitchum who intrigues me too—and about everyone else—but for a completely different reason. Bob has the fatal fascination of a bomb with the fuse sputtering. You never know when he's going to explode and blow himself right off the map. Mitchum's the most dangerous man I've ever known around Hollywood.

He's suspense walking. He's a haymaker cocked and ready to fly. He's a rogue male on the loose, and yet he'll never hurt anyone but himself. That belligerent, mocking dare which comes at you on the screen is real. He could go back to driving a truck tomorrow and be just as happy—maybe happier—than he is as a Hollywood star. He's told me, "I'm just here between freight trains." Once I asked him, "What do you think would have happened if you hadn't wandered to Hollywood?"

"Oh, I'd have wound up in the poorhouse—where I'll wind up anyway."

Bob has flouted every Hollywood taboo. He's punched producers in the nose. He's shocked interviewers silly with too frank details of his rambling past—his hobo

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scrapes, his Georgia "chain-gang" escapade, his arrests. With movie success, Bob collected a gang of no-good Hollywood hangers-on because he likes to please everyone. They led him to trouble, real trouble, but it didn't wreck him as a star—and Bob Mitchum is the only man I can imagine who could come out of a mess smelling like a rose.

Bob Mitchum is a reckless slugger of life—but a poet and troubadour, too. Money means nothing to him. He makes $4250 a week—and he's usually broke. But when his business manager swindled him out of $80,000—all he had saved in the world—he refused to prosecute. Bob's so loaded with sex he's scary. He's muscled like a stevedore, and his angular face and disdainful eyes say, "Watch out," to every gal who sees them. He knows that power but it doesn't bother him—or his wife, Dorothy, the one girl in the world who really understands him.

Bob and Dorothy came to a party at my house last year. Errol Flynn was there with his fianceé of the moment, Princess Ghica. Bob sized her up. "She's no dame for Flynn," he announced. "The corners of her mouth turn down. Watch me break this up."

Dorothy heard him and laughed to me, "He'll do it, too." Bob sauntered over. In a few minutes, the Princess' mouth was down to her shoulders and she was ready to crown Flynn. Bob had casually brought up all the escapades in Flynn's past and Errol was roaring himself right out of romance. And yet—that day Bob was trying to be on his very best behavior.

I wouldn't gamble a plugged penny on what Robert Mitchum will do from one minute to the next. But I'll always risk my roll on this: he'll do it if he feels like it—and he'll be fascinating, good or bad. Maybe it's because he's so bad that he's thrilling. I'll have to ask my psychiatrist about that.

I'd sic him, too, on those two brilliant brats, Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift—if I weren't already pretty sure why they're such fascinating odd bodies. Neither of them are just playing hard to get. They are.

"Bud" Brando and Monty Clift are two of a kind—yet they're very different. Both despise glamor, both are wrapped up in their acting. Both attract women like sugar draws flies. But Monty Clift is merely a self-assured, complete free soul, independent and unimpressed; while Marlon is a legitimate, working screwball, complex and unorthodox, maybe the first genuine all-out acting genius since Barrymore. Either way, they're both loaded with male power and sex.

MARLON looks like a statue—chiseled face, sinewy torso—and he dresses like a cow-college campus kid. "Glamor in a tee-shirt," someone tagged him—but it's only part of his smoldering rebellion against flattery.

Shelley Winters dropped by a set party when Marlon was making *Street Car Named Desire*—and Marlon likes Shelley and vice versa. So Winters got herself gussied up. Brando completely ignored her—although they'd been out on dates. The next time she dropped by in Levis with her hair tumbling down. Marlon grabbed her by the arm and they climbed the studio fence, getting out of there together—fast. Shelley cooked dinner for him that night. He wouldn't buy her one.

Monty Clift took Liz Taylor (before Nicky) to *The Heiress* premiere, you'll remember, and had to rent a dinner jacket to do it. The studio gave him a car, driver and publicity man. On the way to the formal affair, Monty pulled into a drive-in and bought Liz a hamburger for

her dinner. Afterwards, he was more interested in escorting the publicity man home than he was Liz—and that was when Elizabeth Taylor was mighty pretty and unattached.

I had a dinner date with Monty Clift one night at Lucey's. He showed up impeccably dressed. But the minute we got back in a booth, he asked, "Can I take off my coat?" I nodded—he rolled up his sleeves, jerked his tie and grinned. "Now," he said, "we can get going." We did—and I found out why it takes $100,000 to lure Clift to Hollywood for a picture. "I'm lazy," he said. "I like to loaf, I want to travel and bum around. If I don't do something right now I'll catch myself breezing away."

That's not Brando. He's wrapped up in his work. Where Monty loses himself in the Maine woods between pictures, Marlon goes to school. I met him first on the set of *The Men.* When I talked to him he didn't answer—just stared off into space. "Run along, Sonny," I snapped, "you're no good to me." He came to. "Oh," he said, "were you talking to me? I was thinking about my next scene." And you know, I knew he was and I couldn't get mad.

Neither Marlon Brando nor Monty Clift will ever want for women's sighs. Both keep walk-up flats in New York, and have to move periodically to hide from girls who break in the doors. They're both virile, and they're both brilliant. But how can you ever crack their indifferent shells? That's what millions of females are dying to find out, and that's exactly why they're two of the most fascinating, though eccentric, males anywhere around Hollywood.

BUT do you have to be a character these days to be charming? Not necessarily—look at Tyrone Power. There's as

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I remember when Ty walked into a bit scene, unbilled, in *Girls Dormitory* with a dazzling smile and the words, "Well, here I am." And there he was, for sure, and there wasn't anyone around like him. In the preview audience that night there was one mass gasp, "Who is he?" He was every girl's dream man, that's who, and from then on he was a star. Ty's fan mail record is still unequalled at Twentieth Century-Fox. And why?

Gorgeous looks. Inherited acting ability. Shining youth. Sex—sure. But, largely, too, a straight, clean, clear-cut American charm.

Ty's had his girls—Sonja Henie was his most sizzling affair, but there were plenty more. He always treats them right. When he split with Annabella he gave her most of his money. The only girl I thought he was rough on was Lana Turner. But love's love, and he'd met Linda Christian when he left Lana flat. Even then, when I took Lana's side, Ty admitted, "I don't blame you, Hedda."

There's fascination, plenty, in Ty's kind of character. Tyrone Power is not only one of our all-time great stars but he's the best ambassador Hollywood ever sent abroad. His studio paid for those South American good-will flights of his, even bought the plane Ty flew. Happy to. Ty's the best salesman there Hollywood ever had. He charms wherever he goes. They practically declared a Roman holiday when he married Linda in that high church ceremony. They think he's an American prince there today after *Prince of Foxes;* when he rides through the streets he gets "Vivas." The English loved him after *The Black Rose,* too. Those long locations for Ty are more than for making pictures; he also makes character for his studio and for Hollywood. Right now he's tackling *Mister Roberts* on the London stage—a tough one—but he'll be more of a darling in England when he closes. He's a natural diplomat—he represents Hollywood and America at its best. That's fascinating enough for me.

Now, let me whirl and bow to the British for a charmer they've sent in return—Stewart Granger. Stewart is the essence of sophistication and British charm—and we've never lacked a tumble for that around our town. Stewart has romance, and adventure, and polished virility in every glance of his blue eyes, every move of his arm and quiver of his full lips. If you like your gentlemen English (and that's a world-wide weakness) Stewart's your man.

I first met him when he played the ravishing Marc Antony in *Antony and Cleopatra.* I was in London one day. He asked me to lunch in his Savoy Hotel suite, overlooking the Thames. He could have been a duke entertaining. The table was loaded with delicacies, the wines at the right temperature, the service absolutely faultless.

I picked up a plover's egg and cracked it—ugh! "Tt-t-tastes like a seagull!" I sputtered. But if my face looked pained, Stewart's looked downright desolate. He tasted one himself. "Oh, my God," he cried, "they're bad! Here, spit it out," he begged, "here, in my hand." Well, I did—and I'm sure Sir Walter Raleigh couldn't have looked more gallant when he tossed his cloak in the mud for Queen Elizabeth. And I'll bet he wasn't half as handsome, either!

Anyone who can sweep that twenty-

year-old beauty, Jean Simmons, off her feet and marry her is romantic enough for me. Jean is Britain's loveliest, their Elizabeth Taylor. Any beau in the Isles would have given his tea ration and title to marry her. But Stewart captured the prize. Right now, after *King Solomon's Mines*, he's the hottest male star at Metro. They're aiming him shamelessly to draw in the ladies in their choicest romantic parts—and they aren't aiming wrong. Yet Stewart Granger's no lace cuff laddie. You don't have to take my word for that.

He sweltered and risked his neck half a year in Africa along with the rest to make *King Solomon's Mines*. Dick Carlson told me how Stewart slapped down a cobra without batting an eye in one chilling scene that you saw. And when the movie safari was over, what did Granger do but pack up and join a real big game safari for another two months of tangling with lions, rhinos and bull elephants. He was too busy shooting pictures the first time to get the risky action he craved. I think he'll do as a fascinating Hollywood man of distinction—without the highball.

Well—I knew when I started this fascinating business I'd never get past the Irish—so sure enough, here I am winding up with that disarming guy who started me off on this ramble in the first place. I never know whether I want to kiss Errol, or kill him.

OF COURSE, Flynn's a scamp. Of course, he's ruthless, conceited, spoiled, disdainful. Errol should have lived in the Sixteenth Century. He's a buccaneer at heart—and what a pirate he'd have made! They'd all have walked the plank, you can bet, at the point of his swashbuckling sword—but he'd have sailed off with the beautiful maid. Errol's selfish. He pleases only one person—Errol. When his baby was born, he didn't even show up at the hospital—yet, today when ten-year-old Sean is interesting, he adores him. Errol lived across the street from me when Lili Damita was his bride—and I used to have to smother nights with my windows shut to keep out the noise of their battles. Yet he let Lili take him for his bankroll when they split up. He discarded little Nora Eddington like the deuce of hearts—yet her parents run his Hollywood house today and they love him madly.

He's had girls, girls, girls, girls. They won't leave him alone, because he won't leave them alone either. He could have married Barbara Hutton if he'd wanted to. He knows all the countesses and heiresses in the world. Doris Duke's a chum. He's lived chronically beyond his means, yet he's never married for money. He's been broke and in debt—but he's always lived like a lord, yachts and everything. He stocked his place with wild game once, at a fabulous price. He dresses like the Duke of Windsor.

I asked Errol once, "Why for heaven's sake, with your rich tastes, do you marry all those poor girls? You don't have to, you know."

Flynn shrugged charmingly. "I love 'em," he said, "and when I love 'em I want 'em and so I marry 'em."

Well—there's something about a man like that—that you go for. Don't ask me why. But I'm a woman and I say it's true. He's got something. Dashing's the word for Flynn I suppose. Handsome—of course. Sexy—sure. Impulsive—naturally. I hardly knew he was out of love with Princess Ghica—and I wonder if he did either—before he was engaged to Pat Wymore.

Call him a cad, a cavalier, a cocksure conscienceless character out of a paperback novel if you like—but never call him dull. And if he lives to be a hundred (which wouldn't surprise me a bit) he'll still be in there chasing romance, even if he's pushed in a wheel chair.

Not too long ago, there was one of those parties at my house and along toward the end I spied a dainty purse, left on the sofa. At the same time I spied it, Errol did too. I looked at Flynn; I looked at the purse. "Maybe you're missing something," I said. He was engaged to somebody then, I've forgotten who.

"Excuse me, Hedda," bustled Errol, snatching the perfumed handbag, "I'll be right back." In a minute my cocked ear caught the roar of a motor as a car raced away. He didn't come back. I didn't expect him to.

Jack Barrymore would have loved that. I know I did. I'll bet the lady did, too.

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



During the March of Dimes campaign, my friend said to a man who made a contribution, "You know, you look like Charles Boyer." The man looked amused. "Come to the Casbah with me," he began, and he went through the whole scene from the picture. My friend played along. When he left, she said, "He does a perfect imitation of Charles Boyer." A passerby overheard. "He ought to," he said. "He is Charles Boyer."

Geraldine Shay
New York City

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party of the year

(*Continued from page 34*) added, thoughtfully, "I wish some of Hollywood's severest critics could be here—those who say that people can't stay happily married when they are stars."

Louella was looking in the direction of Dana Andrews who was seated nearby, grinning happily at his charming wife, Mary. Van Heflin and his little woman, Frances Neal, were holding hands, and across the table the Jeff Chandlers were doing likewise. Vic and Dorothy Mature must have bent a million ears telling about the plans for the Bel-Air home they're going to build. And by the end of the party, they'd gotten enough advice to cover a dozen houses. The Bob Cummings', thinking of their own experiences, offered sympathy. Their own home's been under construction for too many months to count.

The David Waynes joined forces with Kay and Brod Crawford and it was old home week in Ciro's corner booth. All you had to do was look around to discover that Ciro's seemed to be a haven for Hollywood's happily marrieds.

Watching Vera-Ellen and Rock Hudson whirl around the dance floor, the matchmakers were certain that before long they'd be waltzing down the aisle. Now, of course, they're not so sure.

Speaking of matchmakers, well—we all had a field day. Why not? Take the way Piper Laurie and Dick Long were gazing into each other's eyes. "Scoop!" we thought. But Beerman and Parry, our photo friends, did their best to break it up. "Piper," they kept declaring to that gorgeous redhead, "we love you."

A few people away were John Agar and Gloria De Haven. But you can't tell about John. Just a couple of nights ago he was dating a luscious Powers model.

In the crowd that surrounded Louella, we glimpsed Joan Evans and Roddy McDowall. Joan was glamor personified in a wine-colored satin cocktail dress. A Voguish "little hat" completed the outfit and made her a candidate for everyone's best dressed list. Loretta Young looked—as usual—like a dream. She was laughing at one of the verbal reactions to the creation she wore on her head. "If you think my hat's complicated now—you should have seen it before I gave it a haircut," she grinned. The chapeau featured white feathers which had a tendency to hide her face. So before the party, she got out the scissors and remedied what to our minds would have been a deplorable situation. While we were staring at Loretta, another dream walked by with a man who is so handsome it's almost against the law. This was John Hodiak with Ann Baxter. She was wearing red velvet and a white beret. The photographers took off in hot pursuit to get themselves a color shot.

Along about this time at every party the stag boys show up. This evening's eyebrow-lifter was Lew Ayres who darned near never goes to a party. You could see a half-dozen pretties wishing he had their telephone number. The same was true of Macdonald Carey whose Betty was not well, so he came alone. But we've got news for those ladies. Macdonald's about the happiest married one in town. Burt Lancaster stagged it too, wouldn't pose for a picture because the Missus couldn't come, she being home with their sick baby. Larry Tierney, Scott Brady's brother, arrived alone, looking fit and still fitter when he left, still alone, without having touched one ole debbil cocktail.

There were lady stags, too. For instance, Ida Lupino arrived breathlessly.



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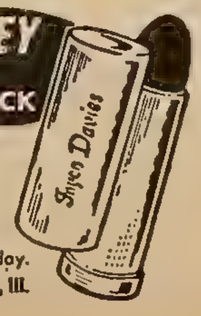
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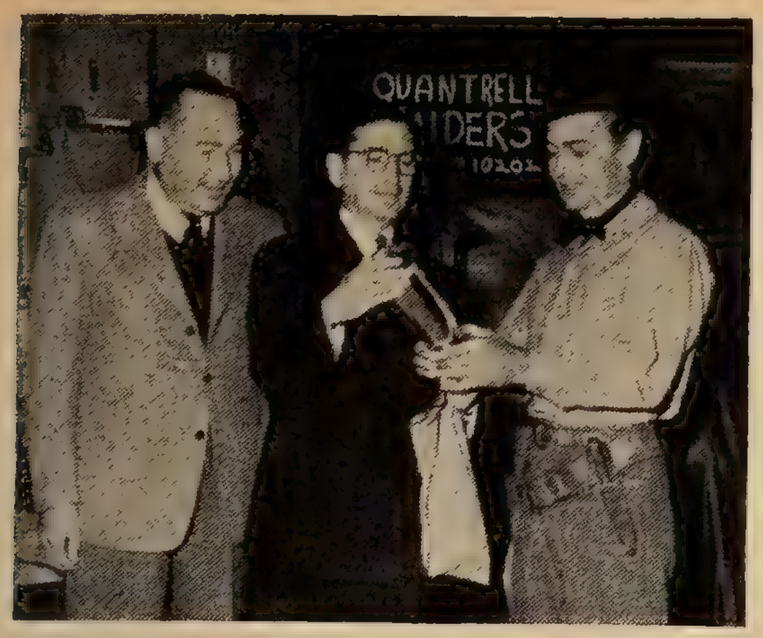
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NANCY SHAYNE, 1216 S. Michigan, Dept. B, Chicago, Ill.



Producer Hal Wallis, George T. Delacorte, Jr., and Alan Ladd pose for the Paramount newsreel camera on the set of *Quantrell's Raiders.*

Somebody said she was there to meet Bob Neal, but if so, how come she left later with that handsome agent, Charlie Feldman? Everybody kept asking who Ruth Roman was with. They even asked her, but she just grinned in a pagan sort of way and departed for a late date (who may well have been radio executive Mort Hall, the man she married on December 17 in Las Vegas).

Talking about pretty women—they weren't all movie stars. There was Mrs. Pat O'Brien who arrived on the arm of her great Irishman. She should know that there is a MODERN SCREEN editor who says he's never going to marry because he can't find a woman as lovely as Mrs. Pat. This boy is really in trouble. He is also simultaneously in love with Dinah Shore who is so completely Mrs. George Montgomery. Dinah, chatting underneath Hedda Hopper's sensational hat which was only slightly smaller than the Hollywood Bowl, looked as lovely as one of her songs.

Okay, okay. So all the ladies were pretty. Take Esther Williams, who, as always, is right up there in the top ten in popularity. She retired to a booth and acted as if she'd just met Ben Gage ten minutes ago. And speaking of such kindred subjects as who has a crush on whom, the cigarette girl at Ciro's has one on John Derek. "Too bad he's married," she moaned, "but he couldn't have found a more attractive girl than Patti."

And so it went, far on into the evening, with the orchestra playing and the huge room looking like a mink coat version of the subway rush hour. It wouldn't be fair to say that one girl was prettier than the next, or one guy more exciting.

Everybody did agree, though, that the nicest thing that happened at the whole party was the arrival of Dixie Lee Crosby. Looking sweet and lovely, she arrived with Mrs. Lyn Howard, wife of the famous sportsman who is Bing Crosby's racing stable partner. Modest Dixie sat quietly in the corner greeting old friends while Bing was still working overtime on the set of *Here Comes the Groom.*

'Twas a gay and gala night, friends. Like we said in the beginning. You should-'a been there!

GUEST LIST

So many people gathered to honor June Allyson and Alan Ladd at Louella Parsons' party that the editors can't resist presenting their names with thanks for helping make the evening a happy occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Dana Andrews, Lew Ayres, Mr. and Mrs. Desi Arnaz, John Agar, Katharine Albert, Mr. and Mrs. Noah Beery, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. William Bendix, Ann Blyth, Scott Brady, Mr. and Mrs. Keefe Brasselle, Mr. and Mrs. Rand Brooks, Mr. Lex Barker, Macdonald Carey, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Broderick Crawford, Tony Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Chandler, Herman Citron, Arlene Dahl, Vic Damone, Faith Domergue, Mr. and Mrs. John Derek, Mr. and Mrs. William Demarest, Mr. and Mrs. Don DeFore, Nancy Davis, Joan Evans, Virginia Field, Sally Forrest, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Ford, Charles Feldman, Mitzi Gaynor, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Gage, Mr. and Mrs. Tay Garnett, Sheilah Graham, Edith Gwynn, Mr. and Mrs. John Hodiak, Mr. and Mrs. Van Heflin, Mr. and Mrs. John Ireland, Hedda Hopper, Rock Hudson, Gloria DeHaven, Arthur Kennedy, Ida Lupino, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Ladd, Burt Lancaster, Janet Leigh, Piper Laurie, Mr. and Mrs. William Lundigan, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lewis, Dick Long, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Mature, Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Montalban, Mr. and Mrs. George Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Nerney, Mr. and Mrs. George Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. George Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Nolan, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis O'Keefe, Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pasternak, June Allyson, Ruth Roman, Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Taurog, Bob Stack, Estelle Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Thompson, Vera-Ellen, Shelley Winters, Lew Wasserman, Mr. and Mrs. David Wayne, Mr. and Mrs. James Whitmore, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Wald. . . .

If we missed anybody it's just because the pencil wouldn't travel fast enough on the note paper. Happy party—and see you again next year! THE END

I found my way

(*Continued from page 58*) a foxhole in the sand without getting hit. And after that, I didn't mind at all that every time the tide came in, water not only slopped over the edge, but welled up from below as well.

If I could exult in the bathtub of a foxhole and moan in a convertible, wouldn't it be better to adjust myself to accept life so it wouldn't continually either throw me or thrill me? Why not try to establish a level of well-being inside? And just about the time I made this startling discovery, I realized that I had heard it said differently, and better, ever since I was a kid. "Happiness comes from within," is the way it went. I decided to try to make that my way.

I had a great chance to try it out when I got back to Hollywood, Rena Morgan, whom I had first seen as a teen-ager at Schwab's drug store on Sunset Boulevard (she says I couldn't "see" her then) and later met and fell in love with when she visited Quantico, before I went overseas, was waiting for me. We went to the Mocambo where I proposed to her. We went to Huntington Beach where a priest, who is an old friend of mine, married us. We went to San Diego where we honeymooned while I was waiting to get mustered out of the Marine service. And then we went to Hollywood where my career was impatiently waiting for me . . . or at least I thought it was.

Months passed. Nothing. A year. Still nothing worthwhile. We were living in a tiny apartment. You couldn't take a half-dozen steps without either banging into a wall or going through the window. Another year, another blank, practically.

In New York there is another small, furnished apartment, in one of those old, brownstone mansions just off Fifth Ave-

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nue. The rent is cheap and it is right near the radio world in mid-Manhattan. I can't tell you more about it because I've never even seen it. But it will always be important in my life. It marks a willingness to accept my lot when I was all set to leave Hollywood as a failure. This was the kind of place Rena and I decided we would have to live in while I tried to make a fresh start in life . . . as a radio announcer or player, I hoped. As anything if it had to be.

I wouldn't come to this decision immediately. I went to my agent first and suggested, a little regally, I'm afraid, that he arrange a personal appearance tour for me.

He pulled the props right out from under me. He pointed out that it had been several years since I had been in any important picture and thus I had no identification worth anything at the box office. I had not had enough stage work to be sure of presenting effective entertainment as an act, so I would impress few people and instead of helping the commercial value of my name, would probably wash it out altogether. No, I had but two choices. Start fresh some place else, or just hang on in Hollywood until there was a call for me....

"From a studio, you mean?" I asked.

He shrugged. "From a studio, or . . . from a service station to help pump gas," he said. "I'll keep after the studios. You keep your eyes open for the other."

That was cruel, maybe, but it was honest. He is still my agent and that's why he's my agent. But that was when the New York idea was born. It had to be that or the gas station . . . and if we hadn't the money for the New York trip, it could have been the gas station and I wouldn't have blown my top.

It turned out to be neither. It was *Pinky* instead. I had my fresh start. . . .

ACTUALLY, John Ford, the director, wasn't completely satisfied with me in the test I had to make for the picture. But he was able to put his finger on what displeased him. It was my hair. He was certain I would do if it were cut more severely—a semi-butch. But supposing he hadn't bothered to figure it out, or it just didn't strike him? Or, supposing Darryl Zanuck, head of 20th Century-Fox, wasn't the kind of man to take a gamble with a production of the importance and scope of *Pinky*? Nine times out of ten, for a top role like this, a studio head would insist on either a brand new face or a big name actor. I was neither. Well, I would have let my career hang on such a detail, but not my happiness. Rena and I have both decided that the one must be kept apart from the other; otherwise a person's real life becomes a sort of football, kicked here or there by the winds of fate.

Right from the start, life can give you a see-saw ride emotionally if you can't find your own balance.

I remember a day in Syracuse as a kid when I felt great until a chance remark suddenly took all the joy out of me. I was fifteen and was going to visit a high school girl friend who was recovering from illness in the hospital. As I walked into the room I was wearing a blue suit, white spats, chesterfield coat, black Homburg hat (which I purposely kept on) and white silk scarf tied Ascot style. Boy, I felt sharp! I felt so sharp I didn't even notice her aunt who was visiting as well and was standing to one side. But I heard her the next second. She sort of gasped and blurted out, "Oh, my! What's this?"

The next second she caught herself, and smiled sweet welcome, but it was too late. Her exclamation has punctured me. I mumbled my way out of there in less than a minute to drag myself home.

It can happen even more quickly than that. Once, as a younger kid, I picked a fight with another boy. I wanted to exalt myself in the eyes of others. I thought it could only be done through physical combat. I was lucky. I landed a punch and the other kid went down. The second when my fist hit a sense of triumph flashed through me, but the next second I heard the side of his head smack against a rock and I was horrified. I knew that instant, instinctively, that I had done nothing for myself, nothing. I knew that outward events were not to be trusted; that whatever I sought had to come from within not from without. The incident faded away but the impression was there, and there were many times when it had its effect on me. I have never picked a fight since.

When I made *Pinky* a lot of praise came my way for which I was, and still am, grateful. But I was also prepared for the opposite. I think that from now on I always will be. After all, there were almost ten years of ups and downs in Hollywood for me before *Pinky*. And there had been uncomfortable times prior to that.

Because I had gotten into radio early back in Syracuse, speaking lines when I was hardly ten, I was supposed to be a boy wonder. I remember the boy wonder growing up a bit and finally getting a regular announcer's berth and then proceeding to bog up the whole works of the station. Why had I swallowed whole all the praise that came my way just because I had managed to utter a few well rehearsed lines without a mistake? The minute this happened I was placing my well-being in the hands of others. And when I proved to be a boy mess instead of a boy wonder in the face of real pressure, the crash was awful.

I no longer want to be a boy wonder, or a man wonder either, for that matter. I think life is better evened out a little.

YOU'RE aboard a transport at night off a beautiful tropical island (Ulithi, it was, this time I have in mind) and the sky shines with star-glory. Nothing could be more peaceful, more inspiring. The next morning you're pitched into a hellish inferno with death smashing out the lives of fellows you've lived and laughed with. Ten of us fellows gave a show aboard the transport that night I speak about. Within two weeks six were dead; the guitar player, two of the comedians, the singer....

Who can pick out when to laugh and when to cry from that which happens without? On Okinawa one afternoon I was flattened out on a hill under fire when I turned around and saw Leif Ericson next to me. He was in the Navy, but had come ashore for observational photographs. "Hello, Willie," he said casually.

"Hello," I returned. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm beginning to wonder," he replied.

The next time I saw him was when we both worked in *Mother Didn't Tell Me*, with Dorothy McGuire and June Havoc. The contrast was a little odd. I think a fellow needs help to accept what each day can bring. With the help of the faith I was born in and with the help of my wife I think I am beginning to learn how.

I knew Rena only a few weeks before I sailed for the south Pacific. I proposed to her the first night I got back. I proposed because I had never really left her—or rather, she had never left me.

For two and a half years, she wrote me almost daily about everything imaginable, about a lot that might seem to you like little things; yet heat, rain, sweat, aches and all the deadly monotony between fighting would disappear the second I opened one of her envelopes. It was actually like leaving one life and slipping into another, one that made sense and had warmth and in which only we two lived. Do you blame me for saying that it's the one I want to continue to live in always? THE END

"I cried for you"

(*Continued from page 51*) Without triumph, but with quiet determination, she resisted every appeal.

"No, Nicky, no!" The words were spoken quietly, firmly. The next morning, without consulting her parents or best friends, Elizabeth Hilton asked her studio to announce that she would sue for divorce.

When I was called with the news I was neither shocked nor surprised. As I have said in earlier MODERN SCREEN stories, keeping an unhappy death watch on this marriage, the end seemed to be in sight but everyone hoped for a miracle.

Remember, I watched Elizabeth grow up. I could forgive anyone for not telling the real truth when the most important emotion in life is involved. The fact is that only a few days before the abrupt announcement came that Elizabeth had asked her agent and attorney, Jules Goldstone, to file papers, I had talked with her mother. Brief hours before, Elizabeth had told me, "I love Nicky. We won't divorce. Somehow we'll work it all out."

Elizabeth's mother and I talked about her daughter's old room. It had been redecorated. The walls had been repainted in soft grey, to match the carpet which had been dyed a deep burgundy.

"Then you did expect the breakup?" I'd asked.

"Oh no," Mrs. Taylor had assured me, "We had to dye the carpet a dark color. There were spots where Elizabeth had tried a little unsuccessfully to train her dog. We had no idea that this would happen. We hoped that the problems would be settled."

Then Mrs. Taylor refused to tell me more. I cannot find it in my heart to blame her. She has been wrongfully accused of trying to break up the marriage. Her one job now is to help rebuild Elizabeth's health and spirit.

So it is that Elizabeth did go back to her old room at home. New closets were built to hold all the clothes she had bought with such pride and high hope. Everything was changed, except for the big, worn teddy bear of her childhood. He sat on the edge of the bed as always, his arms open in comic welcome.

AND what of the beautiful wedding gown? That bitter memory, packed in a trunk with the vow that it would never be opened until Elizabeth should give away a daughter of her own, now rests in a dark room at Bekins Storage Company. No one relishes the recording of so dismal a commentary on modern marriage, yet sometimes the doors to these dark rooms do open and sometimes love is reborn.

Can this be so with Nicky and Elizabeth Hilton? Well, for one thing I recall my own words printed on these pages: "Whether they are together or apart, they'll still be in love!"

Now, however, the unconsciously cruel "little things" enter into the picture. Things like that occurrence of an evening not long ago when Elizabeth's brother, Howard, and some friends dropped by the house. Someone picked up a leather book and asked, innocently, "What's this?"

Liz looked up, caught her breath and replied, "That is a picture book—the story of our wedding."

Silence fell. Someone laughed in embarrassment. Then Liz joined in the laughter to show that she could take it.

Somehow, the false bravery every woman must summon to her aid in cases like this is a little pitiful. I was a visitor at Metro the day after the marriage failure was admitted. Everyone joked about the title of the new Elizabeth Taylor picture, *Love Is Better Than Ever*. At luncheon, Liz came into the commissary, trying to appear unperturbed.

I knew that although she had not missed a day on the set, outwardly appearing to be her old gay self, she was actually in deep depression.

But here in the midst of co-workers she was playing a double part as her character in the picture, and as the girl who had put part of her private life out of mind. I sat down at the luncheon table with Liz and we talked casually.

Someone spoke about a red dress the studio wanted to give her—one modeled after her dance costume in the picture. Liz said, "I won't be needing another new evening gown. I don't expect to be going out very much."

That is true in the extreme. For one thing, Liz is not at all well. She lost twenty pounds on her honeymoon; not, as we know now, from happy excitement but from steeling herself against the many bitter quarrels. Every day now, Liz goes to the doctor for liver and vitamin shots. She has gained back a few pounds, but her nerves are on edge. In fact, some of her friends are worried that she may collapse. Liz doesn't think so. "All I want to do is work," she says, "and I never want to travel again."

As I once wrote hopefully that this marriage would right itself, I now must record a more dismal picture. Elizabeth Taylor is no longer the girl Nicky Hilton married. She is a wiser, if sadder woman. Nicky, despite outward appearances, is the same carefree boy in my private opinion. Only the barest chance exists for a permanent reconciliation, for although it is possible for a woman to change abruptly through sudden shock, a man's emotional set-up is more deeply rooted. For Nicky to change so that Liz will be convinced that change is permanent, for him even to be able to fully realize how different she has become, seems well nigh impossible.

Yet there is that chance. In California, there is a year's period of grace between the first and final decree of divorce. This provides a year during which the man and wife may reconsider.

In this modern age there is much winking at California divorce law. Some people even rush off to Mexico and marry again before the decree is final. Then there is the exception, as in the case of Shirley Temple who during this entire period kept herself above reproach. I am certain that Elizabeth Taylor will follow the same pattern.

Meantime, plans have been made for her to take a house at Malibu in early spring. Elizabeth used to live there during every summer season and loved it. Now, however, her friends are scattered. Such old buddies as Marsh Thompson are married. Dick Long, another casual boy friend of those days, is off for the Army. If one can imagine it, Elizabeth Taylor is due for some lonely hours. True, there will be many men who will want to help her forget, but they will be older, much older. The young men, Nicky Hilton among them, will be headed for service.

As this is written, Elizabeth Taylor wants nothing from her husband. No alimony, no favors, only to be left alone. I think the best commentary on the situation comes from a friend of the Taylors' who said, "I never saw anyone try harder to make a go of marriage than Elizabeth, and it will be months before she can regain her emotional stability enough to think clearly. For this reason I hope that they don't try a reconciliation now. It may be too soon."

I for one feel as everyone does on witnessing the failure of young love, "I hope it is not too late!" THE END



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bringing home baby

(*Continued from page 31*) Ben's birthday fell on a Sunday in October and they planned to move in the day before. The moving men came on Saturday afternoon and worked well into the night. Esther stood in the driveway directing the men as they unloaded the vans, and steered most of the furniture into the middle of the living room. The moving men, noticing that Esther was obviously pregnant, were solicitous of her health. "You'd better sit down, ma'am," they told her.

"I'm fine," said Esther. "Stop worrying. Put that barrel into the garage, please—and that chest into the kitchen."

At six o'clock a group of friends arrived. "We've come to help," they announced. They didn't help much, but at nine o'clock Esther cooked dinner for them by candlelight and the kitchen fireplace, because the electrician was learning to be a chiropodist at night school and was no longer paying attention to fuses and wires.

The next morning the moving men returned to help place the furniture, and after they finally left, Esther got busy with shelf paper.

"Look," said Ben. "You'll just have to get off that ladder. I know the baby isn't due for six weeks yet, but—"

"I'm all right," said Esther. "Today is your birthday and there's going to be a dinner party tonight, and I want the house in order when the gang gets here."

"But they'll never see shelf paper!" exploded Ben.

"Sh-h," said Esther.

When the guests began to arrive that evening, they found a house that looked as though it had been lived in and loved for many years. And there was shelf paper on the shelves. Esther cooked dinner for twenty people in the farm kitchen.

A theater which followed *Dial 1119* with *Southside 1-1000* had a call from a patron asking, "What number are you running tonight?"—*Herb Stein in The Hollywood Reporter.*

The next morning at six o'clock Esther stirred slightly in her bed and reached for the clock on the night table. A bit later she nudged Ben. "I think we'd better call the doctor," she said.

"Hmmm?" murmured Ben.

"Darling—call the doctor," she said.

Mr. Gage was sleeping the sleep of the dead, but he answered her anyway. "Honey," he said, "you've had a hard day. But we're moved in now and it'll be easier for you. Just take a seltzer."

When he did wake up, of course, he almost had a stroke. At ten-fifteen they reached the hospital, and a half hour later Kim Gage made his appearance.

Esther was fine, but Ben was a wreck. He never should have let her give him that birthday party, he said. He never should have let her work so hard on moving day. He should have had the family moved in long ago.

"Oh stop!" Esther said. "I feel wonderful. When can I get out of this hospital? There are a million things to be done."

After five days, Esther burst out of the hospital and rushed back to the house. Sawdust covered everything, and from the back of the grounds came the soothing sound of work being done on the pool and the dressing rooms. Even a pile driver would have been music to Esther, because it would have meant progress.

"Now," she said. "First, the cushions for the window seat, then that tree that has to come down—and then there's the

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wallpaper that goes in Benjie's room."

That was the afternoon that Benjie himself added another item to the list of things to be done. He tottered into the living room, proudly holding over his head a mop, the working end of which was enveloped in flames. "Hi," he said, making full use of his vocabulary. Esther screamed and Ben dived the length of the room to capture the flaming mop.

The fireplace in the kitchen is set high into the wall and while they had supposed it to be beyond Benjie's reach, Benjie had proven that nothing is impossible when you are fourteen months old. So now there was the problem of a firescreen.

"I want one," Esther told the salesman, "that will keep a child out of the fire."

"Our item number nine, pictured here, is quite attractive," said the salesman.

"But a baby could go right through that. I want something that's secure at the bottom as well as the top."

"May I suggest this one?" The salesman pointed out a dainty job.

"Won't do," said Esther. "He could tear it to shreds."

Loftily the man said, "Madam, have you ever thought of training your child?"

Esther squinted at him. "How many children do you have?" she said.

The man drew himself up. "I," he said, "am a bachelor."

So Esther found a dealer who had five children, and a Benjie-proof firescreen was ordered forthwith.

The next morning she woke to find the whole house shuddering.

"Go back to sleep," said Ben. "It's only a bulldozer."

"That's what I like about you," said Esther. "You're so lucid. What are we doing with a bulldozer?"

"There are two bulldozers," said Ben. "And how else do you expect us to have a driveway through those trees out front?"

The door opened then, and a stranger poked his head into the room. "Good morning," he said cheerily.

From the depths of their bed, Esther and Ben looked at him blankly.

"I'm the electrician," said the man. "You're having a heater put in here. Sorry. Got to get to work."

THE workmen became fast friends of the Gages. Esther and the carpenters had one great thing in common, and that was a love of fine woodwork. The Gages had put their big Dutch cupboard (circa 1700) into the house long before they moved in themselves. It was set along the wall of the immense living room, and day after day Esther watched with delight the workmen's reaction to it. They never passed the cupboard that they didn't run their fingers over it lovingly.

"Our house," she had told Ben, "must be built around that cupboard."

That meant gracious living and above all, comfort. Esther wanted a house that spelled "home" the minute the front door was open, and in a few instances she had to fight to make it that way. The upholsterer who made her window seat, for instance, put up a battle. He brought the seat and the cushions that went with it, and placed them carefully in their niche, the cushions standing primly upright.

"How's that?" he said.

Esther marched to the window where she picked up the cushions and unceremoniously jammed them into corners. "Just fine," she said.

"But you can't do that," he said. "They're supposed to stand straight up."

"Not in my house," said Esther.

This same man was given carte blanche to make a lamp from a large crock and a milking stool. When he brought it back, crowned with a huge lampshade, it was a breathtaking masterpiece.

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As for the BREAKFAST CLUB gang, fast-and-funny SAM COWLING has just presented his 10,000th item from the Fiction-and-Fact-from-Sam's-Almanac feature that highlights each show. (You may remember one of SAM's own favorites: "Living with your mother-in-law is like taking a bath. After a while is isn't so hot.") Sam said it. We didn't!

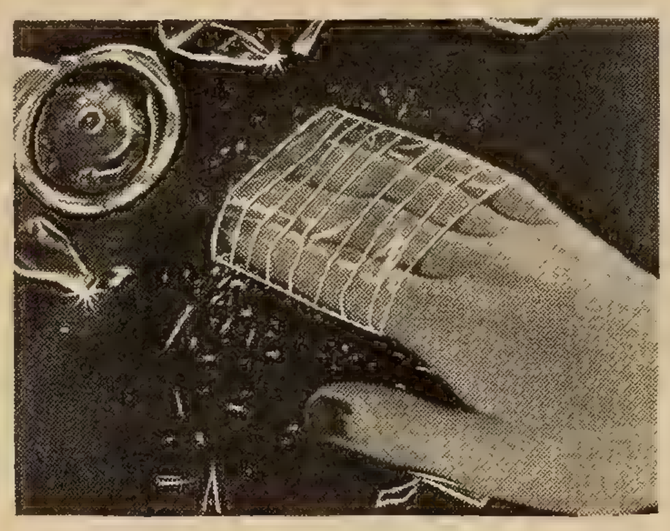
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"But it isn't right," said Esther.

The man bristled slightly. "What do you mean, it isn't right?"

"It's too perfect," Esther said. "I want it to look as though I made it."

"Like *that*?" He pointed to an old lampshade on which Esther had tacked a red gingham border about five years ago. The material was falling down in spots.

"Like that," said Esther. "And furthermore, I'm going to keep it just that way. It has sentimental value, and besides, nobody could be uncomfortable with that staring them in the face."

The phone rang then. It was the studio calling, and in the middle of the conversation an ear-splitting noise came from the back of the house. "Excuse me," said Esther into the phone, and went to the open window. A moment later she picked up the phone again. "I'll have to call you back," she said. "A bulldozer just cut through a water pipe."

Just then a wail went through the house and Esther looked apologetically at the upholsterer. "Now which baby is that? Oh, it's Benjie," she said, and left the room.

When she returned she steered for the telephone. "I'm sorry," she told the man, "but I have to call the doctor. Benjie has a fever."

The man sat down and lit a cigarette and while Esther was talking, Annie the maid came into the room and stood waiting for an end to the conversation.

"Mrs. Gage," she said, "there's a man out back who wants to know where to put the firewood, and one of the men says he can't find the window glass for the dressing room, and somebody just knocked a bucket of paint into the pool, and there's a boy out front who wants to know if we're going to take any papers." She spread her hands in a helpless gesture. "We don't want any papers, do we?"

The upholsterer ground out his cigarette and stood up. "Tell you what," he said to Esther. "I can see your point. I'll take that lamp home and beat on it for a while with a hammer."

She saw him to the door, and looked past his shoulder to the driveway still being shaped by bulldozers.

"You know," she said, "I'm worried about that driveway. It's too big—too elegant."

The man smiled. "You can't expect the *driveway* to look as though you made it. Besides," he said, "with all the friends you'll have in this house, you'll need a highway out front."

"Thank you," said Esther. "Just you go home and give that lamp a shabby touch."

When Ben came home from work late that night, he looked at Esther closely. "I know this sounds silly, knowing you as I do," he said, "but you look a bit tired. I wish you'd take it easier."

"I'm all right," she said. "I promise you —when the next baby comes—I'll lie down, and Annie can bring me orange juice when I ring my little silver bell. Now, about that water pipe. . . ." THE END

portrait of domergue

(*Continued from page 49*) I wanted was comforting, not adventure," she points out.

You might say that Faith first discovered herself because of the lisp. She'd heard that if you were signed by a film studio they placed you in the hands of speech experts. She was fifteen and nearly her present height of five-feet-six inches, when she applied to Warner Brothers for a test without telling her parents about it. The talent head put his fingers in his ears when she talked but he kept his eyes open and that sold him.

ONLY a few weeks later her father, Leo Domergue, who is a car dealer in Beverly Hills, took a summer place in Balboa; and not two days after Faith got there with her mother she was invited aboard a sailing yacht for luncheon by some studio friends. She was child enough to innocently approach a man of about thirty-five who seemed lonely standing by himself. They talked about the weather, and about sailing and then she was called away.

Later one of her friends asked Faith if she knew that the man she'd been talking to was Howard Hughes.

"Oh, you're kidding!" replied Faith, not too sure just who he was. At any rate, Howard Hughes proceeded to buy her contract from Warner Brothers, and held on to it for the better part of ten years.

At RKO, where Hughes placed Faith, a voice expert by the name of Bob Paris went to work on her diction, using toothpicks as mechanical aids. He built a sort of gate of them in her mouth to keep her tongue where it belonged, and set her to reading aloud. At the end of a year's pushing against the barrier her tongue began to stay put. She completed her regular schooling in the studio, and had stiff dramatic training as well.

Then she was ready for her movie debut in *Vendetta*, which has recently been released. She also married Ted Stauffer, a hotel man, after knowing him for 18 days. A separation swiftly followed.

Faith says that her youthful marriage to Stauffer was a mistake for which they were equally to blame, and that they both agree on this now. In 1947, more than a year after their separation, she went to a Beverly Hills party and met Hugo, an Argentinean movie director. She had barely entered the door, she says, when her gaze caught the eyes of a man across the room and she felt herself taking off from an everyday world for something far, far better. The eyes belonged to Hugo, of course, and she remembers that they not only seemed to be saying, "At last . . ." but that when he took her hand she knew he wasn't going to let it go.

Faith reports she finds herself still watching Hugo's eyes these days when he talks to her. "He can be asking me why I didn't send his shirts out to the laundry," she says, "but his eyes will be saying, 'What do I care about some old shirts as long as I have you?'"

As may be imagined, the marriage relationship in the Fregonese household is on an old-fashioned basis. "I don't wear the pants in our family," says Faith. "I am wife and mother first, an actress afterward."

When she was expecting Diana, Hugo, now with Universal-International, had contracts to fulfill in Buenos Aires. They decided that Faith should stay in Hollywood until he got back. A few weeks alone was the most that Faith could take. With Diana's birth still seven months off, she set out on what proved to be a nightmare flight to South America.

In Puerto Rico she discovered giant water bugs in her hotel room, and sat up all night in the lobby. This sent her to a hospital for three days. In Trinidad she had to be carried off the plane on a stretcher and was treated by a Chinese doctor. He was anxious to get her off the island fearing that without hospital treatment she would lose the baby. She dragged herself aboard another plane, this time headed for Bellem, Brazil.

In Bellem all passengers are required to wait for medical okays before being permitted to enter the country—a precaution against malaria. Faith told the doctor she was simply too sick to bother, and again she had to be carried off, but this time Hugo was waiting for her.

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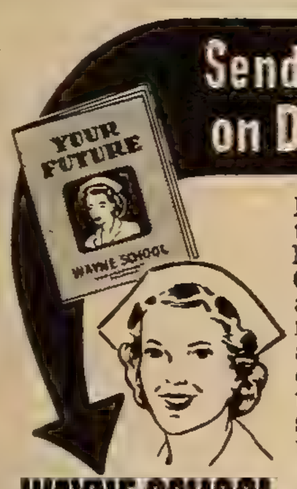
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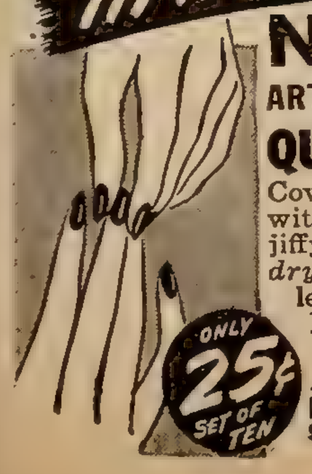
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The friends they made in Buenos Aires were soon saying that Faith and Hugo "wrote tangos together," a local way of describing romantic happiness. But Faith also took time out to study Spanish intensively. After Diana's birth she spoke it well enough to star in one of Hugo's native pictures. When they arrived back in Hollywood, she was handed her role in *Where Danger Lives.*

Her apartment is furnished in modern style. She dresses it as she dresses herself, in soft tones touched off with bright spots. The day she met her husband she wore a black, dull satin dress, with red handbag and pins, and he remarked that she was the most feminine looking woman he had ever seen. She has since ordered three more dresses exactly like that one.

FAITH'S general reputation rates her a person of quiet affability, with an impulsive way of talking. She complained to a writer once because his script had her nibbling at her nails while the man she loved was fighting the villain.

"What *would* you do?" asked the writer.

"I'd jump in and chew *his* fingers!"

On her recent personal appearance tours by plane she began faithfully to buy insurance on every trip from the special coin-slot machines provided for this purpose in the airline offices. But one day on a flight from New York to Cincinnati, it slipped her mind. Nearing Cincinnati the stewardess announced that an emergency landing might have to be made because of a snowstorm. Faith cried back, "Oh, no! That isn't fair. I forgot to buy my insurance!"

Didja catch Colbert photographed on the wrong side of her face in that 20th newsreel? Couldn't yell at the cameraman either, who caught her curtsying to the Queen, at the Command Performance of *The Mudlark*—Herb Stein in The Hollywood Reporter.

Faith is a pet of RKO's publicity department because she accepts all arrangements for trips exactly as made.

"She simply is an easy person to be with," says Edith Lynch of the department, who generally accompanies Faith. "A comfortable bed and an eyeshade when it is time to go to sleep is all she needs. Then I can keep the light on to finish my reports, or even read."

Faith spends a lot of time with Pamela Mason (James Mason's wife), whose daughter, Portland, is about the same age as Diana. Pamela has all the scientific books on child-raising and Faith consults her a lot. One day she called Pamela about Diana, who seemed to stutter a little. Pam reported that this meant only that Diana's tongue was trying to catch up with her mind.

"Isn't that funny?" commented Faith. "My tongue was way ahead of me and used to hiss at people before I even knew what I wanted to say."

When Faith was a child she had a habit of losing articles of her wardrobe—particularly those she didn't like. She once wore a brand new coat just an hour before walking off and leaving it in a field.

Pam reported that this occurs with little girls who don't know what they want.

Today Faith knows. She wants to spend most of her life in her little duplex apartment. When a writer recently told her that she didn't seem so much an actress, as she did a happy wife, she laughed.

"When you talk like that you make me feel I am a happy actress as well," she said. But when she started to talk about her picture plans, the conversation somehow got back to Hugo and Diana and that little apartment again. THE END



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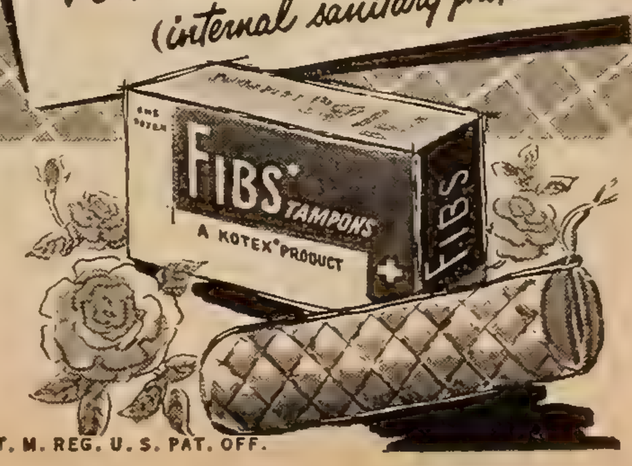
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enjoy yourself

(*Continued from page 37*) That decided it for Sheila. She notified her folks and married Gordon in Cleveland's Old Stone Church on May 21, 1941, with Horace Heidt and his wife in attendance.

"Every man must have a good wife if he's to be happy," Gordon says. Then adds, "She's the talent in our family. When you meet her, you meet me."

When they finally returned to New York, Gordon landed a place in Ray Bloch's radio chorus and a role in the Broadway production *Junior Miss.* The young MacRaes dined on steaks in the best restaurants, were at home at a good address and went around in Cadillacs. This came to an end and they found themselves living part of the time with Gordon's mother and part of the time with Sheila's family. The future didn't look rosy.

Gordon finally landed a sustaining (non-sponsored, therefore not very lucrative) radio program. He loved the work. Dick Haymes and Frank Sinatra, who'd had that job before him, were really up there now.

But instead of the name "Gordon MacRae" being bandied about in celebrity circles, it was lost in the Army three months later.

"What's your first name," a sergeant barked at the new recruit that June day in 1943.

"Gordon," MacRae answered quickly.

"Then what's this *A.* Gordon MacRae here on this form?"

Startled, Gordon answered, "Well, sir, my first name's really Albert, but I've never been. . . ."

"You're in the Army now. From now on you're Albert G. MacRae," the sergeant informed him coldly.

So Sheila followed Albert G. MacRae whenever and wherever she could—even when his intensive war-time training period allowed him only one hour a week with her. Not until Sheila was in a Houston, Texas, hospital for the arrival of their first child did Albert G. MacRae get any special leave from his nearby base. And then it came only an hour before their daughter arrived. After that event it was two weeks before he and Sheila had enough time together to settle on Meredith Lynn as the baby's name.

Albert G. MacRae advanced from private to lieutenant. When he was discharged, he had spent some time flying the south Atlantic as navigator for the Military Transport Command's C-47's and C-43's.

THE Gordon MacRae who returned to New York was two inches taller than the one who left. He found his name all but forgotten. Not until he landed a sponsored show, NBC's "Teentimers," did people begin talking about him again. Then he got a part in the Broadway musical *Three To Make Ready.* That brought offers from Capitol Records and Warner Brothers studio, both of which he accepted. But he was no overnight sensation and it's quite possible he might still be trying to achieve success except for a teen-age girl, the daughter of an advertising executive.

One night this executive unburdened himself to his family at his own dinner table.

The dignified American Association of Railroads, one of his firm's most important accounts, had never utilized the radio medium in their public relations campaign. Now suddenly they'd decided to try it. They wanted a dignified program presenting a young singer. Someone with unmistakably great promise; someone who was now virtually unknown, who would develop along with the program. He had to be a clean-cut young American whose private life would stand the severest scrutiny. Further, he had to be unbelievably versatile, able to sing the latest popular songs and the most demanding classics with equal ease.

"Now just where am I going to find someone like that?" the executive demanded of his family.

"Oh, Daddy, get Gordon MacRae! He's yum-m-m-ee!" his teen-age daughter exclaimed rapturously.

"Who?" the man asked blankly.

"Gordon MacRae," she repeated, her face filled with blind enthusiasm.

"Well," the executive says now, "I thought he'd turn out to be another one of those crooners with limited ability. But I couldn't face my girl again if I didn't at least listen to her latest rave. Happily, I'm an indulgent father."

"So far Gordon has sung 54 completely different musical comedy, light opera or operetta roles on "The Railroad Hour's" winter shows alone. They've ranged from 19th century hits through the latest current ones we're permitted to broadcast. The only criticism we get is that the show isn't long enough. I've been in this business a long time but never before have I seen a personality get so many letters which start out, 'I've never written anyone like this before but . . .' Well, you can see he's far more than fulfilled our early expectations of anyone."

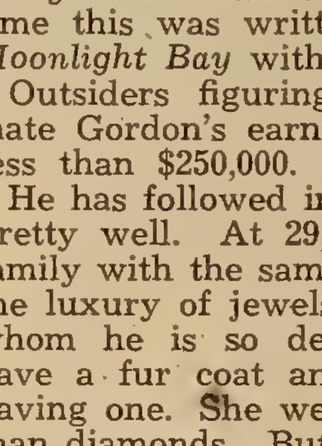
GORDON'S first three pictures at Warner Brothers brought only a so-so response, but when *Tea For Two* came out in September of 1950, his fan mail zoomed him right up among the top three attention-getters. The effect of *The West Point Story* hadn't had time to show up at the time this was written. Now he's making *Moonlight Bay* with Doris Day.

Outsiders figuring conservatively estimate Gordon's earnings for 1950 can't be less than $250,000.

He has followed in his father's footsteps pretty well. At 29, he has provided his family with the same kind of luxury. Not the luxury of jewels and furs. Sheila, to whom he is so deeply devoted, doesn't have a fur coat and doesn't care about having one. She wears rhinestones rather than diamonds. But they do enjoy a gracious, spacious home with their two daughters and one son. There'll be good schools for those youngsters. There'll be wonderful trips to Europe and elsewhere. And there'll be ample financial security for them all *if* Uncle Sam doesn't decide he needs Albert G. MacRae more than Gordon MacRae.

Gordon's not working toward the day

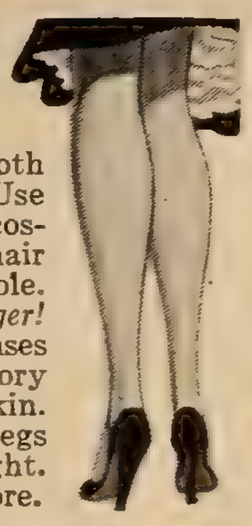
I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Gordon MacRae was appearing on the stage of the Strand Theater, a little girl in the audience called out loudly, "Mommy, can I go up on the stage?" Mr. MacRae heard her and said, "Of course you can honey." He knelt down, lifted her onto the stage, spoke with her, and then held her in his arms while he sang his next song.

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he can retire from his profession. He hopes to be singing all his life. Before long he'll add a concert tour to his already crowded activities. Even then he won't have tapped the full potential of his voice. William Brady, with whom he studies voice whenever in New York, says it would take only three years of concentrated study for Gordon to be equally successful in grand opera. But Gordon's not ready to abandon what he has now in order to gain that achievement. And Brady agrees, saying, "Do whatever you love."

That's exactly what Gordon determined to do in those days following his father's death.

"My father was happiest on Sundays," Gordon says. "At least that's the way I remember. In the afternoons he'd usually go to Schenectady where as 'Wee Willie' MacRae he sang over Station WGY. Then Sunday evenings, we'd gather in the living room to listen to the 'Ford Symphony Hour.' When that was over, we'd create our own music. Good music. Mother had studied to become a concert pianist. Occasionally others joined us, but usually it was just mother, father, my sister Jane and me. Father was so completely relaxed and happy those evenings. Quite different from the man I saw at the factory working so hard and at such a pace he couldn't relax."

So today Gordon MacRae, in the opinion of a lot of people who should know, is the most relaxed, though busiest, personality to hit Hollywood since Bing Crosby arrived. In addition to motion pictures, radio, recordings and personal appearances, Gordon has appeared at more than 100 benefit performances in the past year besides cutting approximately an equal number of transcriptions for other benefit and community drives to use in their radio campaigns.

His is a sane success story. THE END

the loneliest man in town

(*Continued from page 61*) said simply, yet tenderly, that in Howard's absence she'd found another boy friend. She was very sorry, she said, but she was now in love and had to take happiness when she could find it.

The letter broke him up. After he read it, the momentary shock was so great that he showed no reaction. At first he couldn't believe it. When he read it the second time, the truth began to penetrate and hurt, because if ever a man were in love, that man was Howard Duff.

She was a tall, willowy brunette with soft blue eyes. Howard had first met her in Los Angeles where she worked for a recording studio, and he had fallen in love with her slowly. This in itself was unusual, for the time was 1943 and emotions everywhere were heightened to the point where one date meant romance and two meant marriage. Only Howard and his girl seemed unaware of the panic. It was as if they were sure of what they had, sure that time could not ever diminish their deep feelings for each other.

Duff was in the Army, stationed in Los Angeles, and at night he would call for her and they would dine at Brittingham's or walk along Sunset Boulevard, or on Sundays go down to the beach, always held by the wonder of their love.

All this must have passed in a moment before Duff's eyes that day on the beach in the Pacific.

From that day on, he was wary. He kept his thoughts to himself. He met other women with restraint, shyness, and fear of the potential hurt each one might bring into his carefully self-insulated life.

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Duff says now, "I was very much in love. There's no use lying about it, and I still think of her from time to time. But I've gotten over it. At least, I think I've gotten over it. After all, it's been six years."

In those six years, Duff has dated dozens of girls, and practically all of them will tell you that, "He's a strange date."

One actress says, "When you go out with Howard, the thing that surprises you most about him is his economy of speech. You get the feeling that he knows so much and that he really wants to talk, only there's something holding him back. He was born in Seattle, I know, and he's not British, but there's almost a British kind of reserve about him.

"I understand that he was very much in love once, and I guess he was hurt because he somehow always manages to keep his distance, as if he's not going to get burned a second time."

This restraint was something which Yvonne De Carlo never understood about Duff. After the war when he signed a contract with Universal, he and Yvonne began to see a lot of each other. These two were bright, young players being groomed for stardom, and their similar environment threw them together; anyway, a wholesome affection sprung up between them.

Those who knew Duff intimately felt that his romance with Yvonne was just a case of rebound—but Yvonne never felt that way.

The general opinion is that she was really in love with Duff and attributed his lackadaisical courting technique to his basic manner of behavior.

She didn't know about Howard's resolve not to get hurt again; and the sad result was that when her romance with Howard began to fade, it was she who was hurt. Fortunately, her career was going great guns at the time and she took the bit of pain in stride.

Similarly, Howard had to prove his mettle three years later when, after going with Ava Gardner on and off for 33 months, the beautiful brunette replaced him in her heart with Frank Sinatra.

DUFF was daffy about Ava from the very first moment he met her at a Mark Hellinger party in New York. Ava is very easy to be daffy about. She is not only physically irresistible, but what men like most about her is her honesty. She puts on no airs. When she doesn't know a thing, she comes out and says flatly, "I never heard of it." She never acts the Hollywood actress. She is plain, down-to-earth, and seemingly incapable of the usual feminine coyness. She also believes in letting her escort take the lead in conversation, and she makes no demands upon his time or money.

Men see in Ava the potential perfect wife. And that's what Howard saw in her.

Unfortunately, when Ava met Duff she had been hurt badly by two marital misadventures: one to Mickey Rooney who's about as shy and introverted as a Congressman campaigning for re-election, and one to the high-strung Artie Shaw.

She therefore made it a point not to get serious with Howard. Whenever anyone asked her about her marital intentions, she usually came up with, "Oh! We're just going around for laughs."

And between Ava and Howard there were thousands of them. They went everywhere and did everything together. Ava thawed Howard out. He became the old Duff, more smiles, more expansive, more fun. He rented a house down at the beach. On Sundays, he and Ava always had a crowd down. They'd spin records, dance, picnic on the beach.

Duff fell in love with Ava. He didn't want to. But a man can't help loving, and Howard is certainly a man.

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However, Ava didn't feel for Duff what Duff felt for Ava. She liked him, and she still likes him—but when it came to marriage, Howard wasn't what Ava wanted.

Just what that is, Ava herself cannot say. "I want to get married and raise a lot of babies," she always says. "And I know that men who aren't in show business make better husbands than men who are. But I was never really serious about Howard, and maybe he wasn't about me. We're still good friends and I talk to him a lot."

When Ava started seeing a good deal of Frank Sinatra—after Frank's separation from Nancy—Duff was hurt. He never said anything about it, and he tried not to show it—but for the second time in his short life, his love had gone unrequited.

Since Ava, Howard has dated Marta Toren, Piper Laurie, Gloria De Haven, and Ida Lupino. The Piper Laurie and DeHaven dates have been publicity shows.

As for Marta Toren and Ida Lupino—Duff is exceedingly fond of them both, and it is significant that neither of these two girls is American. Marta is Swedish and Ida is British, and between the two of them they have an enormous amount of savoir-faire and continental charm.

The columnists insist that Ida will become the first Mrs. Howard Duff, and Ida insists that these same columnists have rocks in their heads.

As for Duff, now recovering from a broken leg—he sits in his house down at the beach, alone and a bachelor, fixing his own meals, reading, smoking his pipe, and playing his records.

"Of course I should be married," he says, "but maybe marriage has passed me by. Who knows? All I know is that if I don't get married within the next year or two, I'll probably never get hitched. A man gets used to one sort of life and then it's tough to change.

"It's also tough to find a good wife in this business. Girls who come out here are more interested in careers than husbands.

"Don't think for a minute that I'm griping, because I'm not. It's just that a lot of people think I lead the perfect life because I'm single and I have a good job. Actually, like most other single people, I get pretty lonely. All the stuff you read in the columns about me and the girls—not true. Once in awhile, Ida comes over and we talk and have a bite to eat, but it's no love affair, and it's nothing serious.

"The plain truth is that I'm probably the loneliest actor in town and will stay that way until and if I find a wife." THE END

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• When Robert Cummings was unknown, agent Manny Frank took him for an interview to Jack Conway. The producer looked them over, called Frank in his office and offered him the part Cummings hoped to get.

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